

ESSAIES

VPON THE

FIVE SENSES,

Revived by a new Supplement;
with a pithy one
upon DETRACTION.

Continued

VVith sundry Christian Resolves,
and divine Contemplations,
full of passion and devotion; purposely
composed for the zealously-
disposed.

By RIC; BRATHWAYT Esquire.

The second Edition, revised and
enlarged by the Author.

Mallem me esse quam vivere mortuum.

LONDON.

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the signe of the Bible. 1695.

1388. a. 16.

ESSAYS
upon
THE FIVE
SENSES

The Second Edition
By Rev. Bradwardine





TO
**THE RIGHT
HONOURABLE
THOMAS,**

Lord COVENTRY,
Baron of Ailsborough, and
Lord Keeper of the great
Seale of England, &c.

All correspondivg successse in
his irreprovable progresse
of JUSTICE.



Long it is, mine
HONOURABLE
Lord, since I
first commenced
a suite against
these * dangerous Intruders;
A 3 while

The Epistle Dedicatory.

while they under pretence of a defensive warre, made deluded worldlings believe, that I was a litigious Plaintiffe, and disturb'd their possession without just ground.

Where, I made my Cause knowne in the High Court of Requests, where I made it appear how injuriously they had dealt with mee: So as, upon the very opening of the Bill, with the impertinences of their Answer, their Cause appeared so foule, as being without hope to prevaile, it was mov'd by a powerfull Oratour in their behalfe, that Reference might bee granted to any two or three comperible men, indifferently chosen either in City Court or Countrey, to heare & determine all differences depending betwixt us. But I did not wholly incline

The Plaintiffe.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

to this Motion: for they were
so generally allied, and by this al-
liance so strongly friended, as I
much feared, no good end in my
particular would be compassed;
seeing, that some, who otherwise
might have bene indifferently
nominated, were either over-aw-
ed and durst not, or partially af-
fected and would not, or basely
corrupted, and in hope of reward
could not conclude in Award
what the equity and merit of my
Cause required. A new Petiti-
on therefore to the Great
Master of Requests, I prefer-
red; my Suite I revived; during
which time, I enjoyed more peace,
than all my time before I had ta-
sted. But upon hope of submissi-
on, and friends mediation, ad-
mitting some intermission, they
pressed mee with more indig-
nities than before: So as, impati-

Prayer the
best War-
den of the
Cinque
Ports. ;

The Epistle Dedicatory.

eat of further delay, not holding
it fit for example-sake, to beare
such insolencies from people of
mine owne Family, Servants
of my Meniey; I coul'd them to
bee serv'd as they deserv'd, being
censur'd to weare Papers; which
they formerly did, and are now to
doe againe: bearing their crimes
so legibly on their breasts, as the
whole Hall may see them, and
seeing, shunne them. And heere
first they present themselves at
your Barre, to publish the quali-
ty of their offence to the whole
world, with the wrongs they have
done in the world, and to mee es-
pecially and my Little world.

Now, HEE appeales to your
Honours maturest iudgement,
whether in Conscience and E-
quity hee could with honour
beare these affronts without a
demeriting Censure; Who
wonne

The Epistle Dedicatory.

wonne with the generall voyce
and applause of your goodnesse,
will ioyn much in reteining the
deserving title of

Your devoted
Servant,

RI:BRATHVAY.

The Epistle Dedicatory.

meant with the general sense
and applaus of your goodness
will be much in retaining the
deferring illud

Your devoted

Servant

THOMAS HART

A Table or Summary,
analyfing upon the substance
of every Subject con-
tained in this
Booke.

IN these *Effaiies*
upon the *Five*
Senses, the first
directs the *Eye*
how it is to bee
disposed; lest by
straying, it loose Him, to whom it
should bee erected : expressing,
how even by that *Elevating mus-*
cle, by which it is distinguished
from the *Opstick* in all other Crea-
tures, it is taught to bee on that
Object onely fixed, where it may
be wholly and solely satisfied.

The

A Table

The second shewes, how that edifying sense of the *Ears* is to be bestowed; not to be delighted nor deluded with the light ayres of mundane vanity; but with the melodious accents (ever breathing and sweetly beating on the strings of the heart) of the Soule-ravishing hopes of eternity.

The third treates of that individuall *Associate* of our life, the *Touch*; wherein he commends humane compassion, with a serious Commemoration of His passion, whose sorrows were our solace, whose anguish healed our affliction.

The fourth, out of a perfect view of the occasion of our first fall, describes the too deare *Taste* of an apple. Hee would have it so disposed, that it might *distaste* the world, by conceiving how vaine it is; and conceive a fuller relish in the apprehension of Gods mercy, by *tasting* how sweet hee is.

In

of the Contents.

In the fifth and last, hee desires to breath nothing but the favour of his Saviours oynments : the *Smell* whereof hath filled the earth. In a noble and christian disrespect to the *Smell* of worldly gaine, he accounts no gaine comparable to that of godlinesse; no odour so fragrant as the sweet perfume of an undefiled conscience.

In his continuation of these *Essays*; He begins with the *Sense of sinne*: discovering the foulenesse of it to the outward Sense, the odiousnesse of it to a cleare sighted Soule:

In the second, he aggravates the *Sense of Sorrow*, the misery of this life in respect of *Sinne*; the infelicity of it, in her remotion from *Sion*.

In the third, hee takes a survey of *humane vanity*; how nothing is a more contemptible thing then man

A Table

man, unless he erect his thoughts
above the condition of man.

In the fourth, he recommends to
us a *Sense of others misery*; how
Compassion is a sweet Compani-
on, ever cheering herself in shar-
ing and partaking of an others
burden.

In the last Essay of that Trac-
tate, hee addresseth his Subject to
the Contemplation of *Future Glory*
wherein he sheweth, how nothing
more alienes mans mind from af-
fecting his native Country, then
conceiving *Earthly pilgrimage* to be
a *peripatetic City*.

Having couched and closed
these; hee composeth one of De-
traction, grounded upon some
particular reason: Hee defines the
nature of it; the Source from
which it was derived; what dis-
positions most affected to it: with
a free appeale to the world, by
way of vindicating his Labours
from it.

Next

of the Contents.

Next follow his Resolves, wherein he is one retyring from the brackish gulf of this world, and gathering his strength in the haven, he propoſeth Rules or Directions to a good life. Fare well we cannot after this world, muſt be before our paſſage hence, we cheerfully bid farewell unto the world: good Purpoſes, holy Reſolves are ever to be accompanied with devout prayers and pious tears.

Theſe diſtinct Tracts thus ranked and diſpoſed, are with much Elegancy ſealed with the heavenly Exercise of all the five Senſes, couched in a divine Poem.

The Authors opinion of Marriage, delivered in a ſatisfying character to his friend: in it, hee diſcovers the incomparable comfort ariſing from a good woman: with the miſery, man ſuffers in her contrary. Hee diſapproves the

Car-

A Table.

Carthaginian *Arminius*, and in him all *Timonists* who oppose *Marriage*. The shallowest and most ingenuous conceits are ever inveighing against Woman. The reason of their invective, and insufficiency of their reason. With a ceremonious and religious approvement of this Sacred Rite, he concludes his opinion.

In his *Contemplations* of P A N A R E T E, (whose memory he continues in his *Anniversaries*) he distinguisheth them into these three Subjects:

1. *The Soules Sole-Love.*
2. *The Wounded Heart.*
3. *The New Dresse.*

In the first, his P A N A R E T E (whom hee there personates) invokes and invites her *Soules Sole-Love* to receive her into the sweet Armes of his mercy, because, without his presence she findes nothing but misery.

of the Contents.

In the second, her *Wounded Heart* (like the thirsty *Hart*) longing after the *Water-brookes*, (the Rivers of Divine comforts) desires to be affianc'd to her Spoule, longing to live where she onely loves.

In the third, as one addrested for a Royall Nuptiall rite, shee attires her-selſe in a new robe. Shee so much disaffects the Fashion of this time, as with a modest blush she diverts her eye from it; holding it her Soules onely grace, with a *New Dreſſe* (a new regenerat Heart) to purchase His love, to whom her troth is plighted.

PANARETE in her *Loves last Legacy*, leaves a *Blessing* to her *Children*; instructing them by *Precept*, dying; whom shee informed by *Example*, living.

In the *Buriall of the Old-man*, he brings in a Funerall solemnized with Joy, iml ying, that the *New-*

man.

of the Contents.

man cannot possibly live, unless
the *Old-man* dye.

PHILARETVS, under a
shadowed name, directs his
short but pithy *Instructions* to his
Sonne.

In his Discourse of *Loose Love*,
hee discovers the no lesse pernicious
then licentious liberty of
youth,

After his free display of the
exuberance of this humour, hee
windes up all in a dimensive cloze,
entitled, *Loves advice*.

An Adve rtisement
to the devout Reader, up-
on the use of the FIVE
SENSES.



*End heere thine care
of zealous attention,
fixe here thine eye of
inward contemplati-
on, that following the fa-
vor of thy Saviours oymments,
and knowing how sweet hee is in
goodnesse, thou maist unsainedly
bee touched with remorse of
conscience. Farewell.*

Ann. B. 1610

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THESES,

OR

Generall rules drawne by
Art, from the line of Nature
tried by the touch-stone of
infallible experience, and applied
as observances to these present
times; having reference to
the five Senses, (proper sub-
jects) to which they are
restrained.

Of Seeing. I. ESSAY.

 Hough the eye of
my body allude
to the eye of my
soule, yet is the
eye of my soule darkned by
the eye of my body; where
sense inclines to concupi-
scence, affection to affecta-
tion.

tion: and that part (the curious model of the eye) which ought of it selfe to be a directorice to all other Senses, becomes the principall organ of error to the affections: there is a motive of thankfulness in the eye of man, more than in the eye of any other creature; a muscle which lifteth the eye upward, whereas others be more depressed, bending downward. Why should man then fix the eye of his delight on the creature, having his eye made to looke up to his Creator? The eye of our body is like the orbe of the world; it moveth in the head, as the Sun in the firmament; take away the Sunne, and there is darknesse, by the deprivation of the eye there ensueth

eth blindnesse. Conceits by nature ripest, are ever wanderingst: and the eye of all parts most eminent, is to objects of all kinds most extended: though I gaze till mine eye bee dazled, yet is the desire of mine eye never satisfied: as the eye of all other Senses is most needfull, so of all others it is most hurtfull: it finds an object of affection in pretending Love, when her aime is cleane contrary, perverted by lust; there is no passage more easie for the entry of vice, than by the crany of the eye: there she hath first acceptance, facilest entrance, and assuredst continuance. She hath first acceptance, because by the eye first entertained: facilest entrance,

because of all others easieſt
 to be induced: and aſſuredſt
 continuance, becauſe once
 perſwaded, not to be by any
 motive afterwards reſtrai-
 ned. There is nothing ſo
little, that hath ſuch diverſity
 of operations attending it;
 being moved by the *object*
 that it lookes upon, to love
 or hate. Paſſions of the mind
 receive their greateſt im-
 preſſion by the *eye* of the bo-
 dy, and ſooneſt are they al-
 layed, when the *eye* is moſt
 temperate. If the *eye* chance
 to be reſtrained, and want
 an *object* outwardly, it makes
 it ſelfe a mirrour repreſen-
 ted inwardly, and ſometimes
Narciſſus-like, doats for want
 of a *ſubſtance*, on an imagina-
 ry *ſhadow*: it is jealous, and
 that is the cauſe, it is ever
 -3d prying

prying into others secrets. He is a wise man that carries his eyes in his head, making them his Sentinels: but he is foolish that sends them out like spies, to betray his soule to the objects of vanity. I have heard some wish, that some space before their death, they might be deprived of their sight; inferring, that the motions of the Soule were aptest for inward contemplation, when the eye of the body was least conversant in outward delectations. It is true; but why should the principallest motive and organ of thanksgiving be an occasion to the minde of erring? I have eyes to direct me by objects outwardly moving, to the affections of the soule inwardly

working. It is against reason, that the greater light should be extinguished by the lesser; the *eye* of the soule, by the *eye* of the body. A candle burnes the darkest; when the Sun-beames shine out the brightest: so should the *eye* of the body subject her light to the soules beauty; that as the Sunne cheeres and renewes by his milde aspect; cleares and purifies by his more piercing reflex; so the *eye* of the soule might cheere the body (if dejected) renew her (if decayed) and purifie her malevolent affections (if corrupted.) Lastly, as the *eye* is the bodies guide, it should not be made a *blinde guide*; it should lead us, and not in our strayings leave us: as it chalks us out our way

way here upon earth, so it
should cheere us in our con-
voy unto heaven.

Of Hearing. 2. ESSAY.



Hearing is the organ
of understanding;
by it wee con-
ceive, by the me-
mory we conserue, and by
our judgment we reuolue;
as many Rivers have their
confluence by small streames,
so knowledge her essence by
the accent of the *Eare*. As
our *Eare* can best judge of
sounds, so hath it a distinct
power to sound into the cen-
tre of the heart. It is open to
receive, ministring matter
sufficient for the minde to
digest; some things it reli-

2. Sense.
Of Hearing

sheth pleasantly, apprehending them with a kinde of enforced delight : some things it distastes, and those it either egesteth as frivolous, or as a subject of meriment, meerly ridiculous. In affaires conferring delight, the voluptuous man hath an excellent *ear*; in matters of profit, the worldly minded man is attentive; and in state-deportments the Politician is retentive. The *Eare* is best delighted when any thing is treated on, which the minde fancieth : and it is as soone cloyed, when the minde is not satisfied with the *subject* whereof it treateth. As a salve faithfully applied, opportunately ministered, and successively continued, affords comfort to the

the *Patient* ; so good instructions delivered by the *mouth*, received by the *Eare*, and applied to the *Heart*, will in time prove motives to the most impenitent. They say, the object of the *eare*, to wit, *Melody*, is the soveraignst preservative against Melancholy ; which opinion is true, if grounded on the *melodie* of the heart : for externally sounding accents, though they allay the passion for an instant, the *note* leaves such an impression, as the succeeding discontent takes away the mirth that was conceived for the present. The *eare* is an edifying sense, conveying the fruit of either morall or divine discourse to the imagination, and conferring
with

with judgement, whether that which it hath heard, seem to deserve approbation. A judicious and impartial *ear* observes not so much who speakes, as what is spoken; it admires not the externall habit with the garish vulgar, but the force of reasons, with what likelihood produced. If *Hered* speak, having a garment glittering like the Sunne, the light-headed multitude will reverence *Hered*, and make him a Deity; not so much for his *speeck*, for that is common, as for his apparell, to them an especiall motive of admiration. Such as these (the common sort I meane) have their *eares* in their *eyes*: whatsoever they heare spoken, if they approve not of the
the

the person, it skils not; such a neare affinitie have the *care* and the eye in the vulgar. A discreet *care* seasons the understanding, marshals the rest of the senses wandring, renewes the minde, preparing her to all difficulties; cheeres the affections, fortifying them against all oppositions. Those bee the best *Forts*, and impregnablest, whose seats, most opposed to danger, stand in resistance against all hostile incursions, bravely bearing themselves with honour, in the imminency of danger. Such be the *eares*, they are planted in the high-rose-street, and exposed to a world of incursions: Scandall, than which nothing more swift, nothing more frequent, shoots her arrows

rows, detracting by aspersi-
on from the excellentest
modell of perfection: yet
a resolved *ear* (like another
Automedon) tempers the heat
of her passion, by recourse
had to her selfe, and the sin-
ceritie of her own reputati-
on. There is no discord so
harsh to a good *ear*, as the
discord of the affections;
when they mutine one a-
gainst another; for she heares
how *a kingdome divided can-
not stand*. I heare many things
I would not heare; yet be-
ing enforced to heare them,
I meane to make this use of
them; that hearing what mo-
veth detestation to me in a-
nother, I may be cautioned
not to represent that to an-
other in my self. As the *Man-
tin* will not build but in faire
houses

houses : so a good *care* will not entertaine any thing with an approved judgement, but what is faire in it selfe, and conferrs an equall benefit unto others. As of all vertues none more eminent than *Iustice*; so no sense of all others more accommodate than *Hearing*, unto *Iustice*. It is an excellent commendation, which the Historian giueth to that Princely Monarch, and Father to the worlds sole Monarch, *Philip of Macedon*; that after *hearing* of the *Plaintiffe*, hee would ever keepe one *care* open for the *Defendant*; a prerogative Princely, and worthy the management of *her* affaires, that is *Princesse* of all vertues. But as best things perverted, prove the worst; so

fares

fares it in *Attention* ; many have cares, who *Mydas*-like are depressed to earths objects : erect them how can they, having their *Attention* fixed on the basest of subjects? with how prepared an eare come these to the prediction of a *scarce Summer* ? how apt these bee to heare report of a young *seape-thrife* ready to unstrip himselfe of a faire inheritance upon any termes? how unworthy tidings these be for so divine an Herald? The *Eare* is one of the activest and laborioust faculties of the soule : pitie then it is that the soule should be by her intangled, or by her means to such base subjects enthralled, being for the succour of the soule principally ordained. I have
thought

thought long time with my
selfe, how I should employ
this *Sense* best for my soules
advantage: wherein I tooke a
survey of all those subjects,
to which this peculiar sense
of *Hearing* was especiallest
extended; and I found the
Eare much delighted with
Musick; but finding it but an
aërie accent, breathed and
expired in one instant, I
thought there was no abi-
ding for my *attentive Sence*;
fitter to be employed in a
delight more permanent.
Presently I made recourse
to the acts of Princes, and
gave my *eare* to the discourse
of fore-past exploits: Sub-
jects I found well deserving
my *attention*, moving me to
imitation, and eying my
owne weakenesse with their
puissance

ptillance, forcing me to admiration. But retiring to my self with this expostulatory discourse; Where bee those eminent and memorable Heroës, whose acts I have heard recounted? where those victorious Princes, whose names yet remain to posterity recorded? and *hearing* no other answer, save that they once *were*, and now are not, I wayned my *care* from such a subject, as only had power to give unto the memorable a name, but no essentiall being. From hence traversing my ground, I descended (a descent I may terme it, being a study of lesse height, though of more profit) to the discourse of the Lawes: where I found many things in their owne
nature

nature worthily approved,
by the *Prescription* of time,
and *Proscription* of consci-
ence, to be strangely depra-
ved: here me thought I saw
the Poets *Arachne*, spinning
webs of so different a Warp,
that *great Flies* might easily
break out, while *little ones*
suffered, strange unctions
able to cast Iustice on an
Euphons slumber; Motions
made to move commotions
twixt party and party. Heere
was no employment for my
Sence, desiring rather a dire-
ction in her way to eternity,
than to have partiall-guilt
corruption her best Solicitor
in this vale of misery. Whi-
lest I was thus roving, see-
king for a *Pylot* to give free
and safe wafrage to my un-
harbored *Sence*, at last after
many

many tempestuous occurrences, my afflicted mindes perturbations, I fixt anchor, and by the direction of *Reason*, got what I sought for, a quiet harbour. And where may I limit or how confine the straying circle of many perplexed and confused thoughts wherewith I am surprized, within so blest a period? Not by the *appetite*, for that slaves the best of man to unworthiest ends: nor by the obedience of my owne proper will, for that I found perverted by ayiming at indirect objects: nor by *ambition*, which alwaies (as *Pindarus* defined her) was accompanied with danger in assaying, impatience in prosecuting, and an opposition of expectance in atchieving: not

not by the *vsurers Calender*; for there is Auarice, that decrepit infirmitie of old age haling, many a poore prodigall Wittall cursing, and an inward corrasive, worse than any outward affliction, tormenting: Nor by the *Courtiers fawning*; where times be observed, fashions imitated, good-cloths admired, and the onely-generous qualitie is to bee phantasticall-idle: Nor by the *Country-Farmers engrossing*; where many a poore Orphans teare accusing, many a desolate widowes complaint contesting, and the hunger staru'd soule witnessing, make *him* of all others most wretched, in that his *Nabal*-security makes him obdurate. These are not guides

guides to lead my *directing*
Sence to her harbour; shee
is not for earth; her Musicke
is mixt with too many dis-
cords. The worlds harmo-
nie to a good Christian *ear*,
may bee compared to that
of *Arcabius* the Trumpet-
ter, who had more given
him to cease than to sound:
so harsh is the sound of this
world in the *ear* of a di-
vinely affected soule. A
good *Eare* will not say, as
the powerfull auditor, or
incorrigible sinner, saith to
his Preacher, *Speak to us plea-*
sing things, speake to vs pleasing
things: for these must have
Orpheus melodie, whom the
Cysonian women tore in pee-
ces, because with his musick
he corrupted and effemina-
ted their men. These are not
like

like those Devils, whereof *Guydo* reporteth, that cannot abide Musicke: these are contrary Devils; for they delight in nothing but the musicke of *Flatterie*. These objects are not made to harbour me; my pitch is higher, my thoughts more unbounded, my eare more arrested, and the consideration of mine owne *Imbecillity* more apparent; it is heaven shee ayms at; the Angels, with which shee would consort; and that melody of the superior powers, which yeeldeth to her eare the absoluteſt concord; ſhee ſhall ſound forth therefore, (tuning her voice by her eare) the unworthines of earths affections, compared to that excellencie of reall de-

delights planted above. First shall be that delight, which deprived the first Angell of his eternall delight, to wit, *Pride*; whereby we become like the *Cinamon-Tree*, whose rinde is better than all the bodie. Hence is it we desire to reforme the workmanship of God, becomming polishers of nature, garnishers of corruption, and proud of our shame. And how should wee thinke, that God will respect vs, who haue disfigured his owne similitude, and so disguised our selves as hee can hardly know us? There is no workman, that regardeth or esteemeth his owne workmanship after it is translated and transposed by others; and wee becomming creatures

tures of our owne making,
shadowing native modestie
with a dissembling blush,
seeme to translate that ami-
able forme and proportion
which was given us by our
Creator, to an ugly and pro-
miscuous habit, extracted
like *Flaccus* crow, from the
phantastick invention of all
Countries. The ancient law
observed, that such as had a
yellow locke upon their le-
prous parts, were not to con-
fort with other people ;
though we want that *yellow*
locke, the apparent token of
leprosy, yet we have a *yellow*
band, and other running sores
of vanity. Farre be this vice
from the mansion of my
soule, lest her speedy surpris-
al, deprive mee of all : and
ever may the consideration
of

of my owne weaknesse, re-
straine mee from the least
conceit of aspiring arro-
gance. Next of *pleasure*, shall
be sensual delights, the vaine
obeying of our owne affe-
ctions, the soules bane, the
bodies ulcer, and the Devils
Watch-bell. Wee are rock-
ed asleepe, and sit dandled
on the knee of an impudent
strumpet: as *Babels* subver-
sion proceeded from the
height of her sinne, so this
linke of impietie, by which
death and ruine is haied as
long to us, promiseth sub-
version to the possessor, the
best reward her serpentine
embraces, adulterate affecti-
ons, and obsequious delights
can propose to her atten-
dants. Shall my *care* bee in-
tangled with her soules
staine?

staine? or prostitute her at-
tention to so odious a subject?
Shall my *Sence of Direction*
lead to my subversion? or
the bodies instructresse (like
a blinde guide) throw her
headlong to confusion? No,
I will not engage so excel-
lent an hostage as my soule,
for the bitter-sweet of a re-
penting pleasure. Reason
tells me, that pleasure merits
onely that title, when it is
relished with vertue; nor
can sensuality satiate the de-
light of the *intellectuall part*,
when it is confined to imme-
rured respects. This I will
make my position, in the
bent of my resolution; I
meane onely so far to obey
my delights, as the after-
scope of my soule may not be
abridged, the future joy in
C the

the expectance of soveraign happines, impayred: but that my *sense* to reason subjected, may in the sweet concord of an inward contemplation drawn from her Creator, apprehend an exceeding pleasure, to have done any thing pleasing to her maker. Can I finde in rich coffers (the misers idols) any true object to plant this excellent organ? O no, the corruption of coine is the generation of an Usurer, or a lowlie begger. For the first, I love my soule too well, for so meane and base a traffike, to hazard a gem so incomparable: heaven is the Tabernacle I desire to dwell in, but so far is that *Mansions* from the conceit of our English Jew, or oppressing Usurer, as he

he chuserh rather to live in
the tents of *Kedar* with the
depraved issue of *Dathan*,
than by having *Lazarus* scrip,
to bee carried after to *Abra-*
hams bosom. Rightly was his
experience grounded, who
said; that the multitude of
Physicians and Lawyers are
the signes of a distempered
state; but the number of *Vsur-*
ers & their factors, is the ar-
gumēt of a fatall disease raig-
ning. For the *second*, to wit,
beggery, I know not what to
think on't: It is a beneficiall
trade, where *impudent* mar-
shals it: but a shamefast beg-
gar (saith *Homer*) never yet
could live on his profession.
I could wish a more tem-
perate harbour; neither
too rich, lest the fullnesse
of my estate make mee

insolent; nor too poore; lest the consideration of my want, force mee to some course exorbitant. *Pauperis est* (saith the Poet) *numerare pecus*: but *boni est* (saith David) *numerare dies*; it shall be my Arithmeticke, my Golden number. But stay, let me reduce my thoughts, and in the consideration of my distempred and indisposed affections, propound to my selfe a *forme* which I may observe, a *line* by which I may direct my course; and a *centre*, where I may end my distance; then a *Caveat* which may restraine mee, an *observance* to conduct me, and a *reason* drawne from an inconvenience, to divert mee. And thus I expostulate; why would I not bee rich? why

no *Extortioner*? why no *op-
pressor*? why no biting *V
vener*? *Rich* I would not bee,
lest I should admire my own
fortunes, and after admirati-
on fall to idolatrize, and then
where should I plant my fu-
ture expectance? It is hard
for a *Catnell* to go through
the eie of a needle and more
difficult for a *Gold-adoring
Mammonist* to enter hea-
ven. *Extort* I would not, for
I know there bee *Vials* of
wrath ready to bee powred
down on the *Extortioner*: and
though the wicked for a
while flourish like the green
Bay Tree, time will come,
when his place is not to bee
found. *Oppresse* I cannot,
when I heare the *Orphans*
teare, the *widdowes* curse,
the poore mans prayer, the

hunger-staru'd soule: for I know the orphan teares will bee botled, the widdowes curse effected, the poore mans praier received, and the hunger-staru'd soule re- venged. Use my money, but usure it I will not: ten at hun- dred shall not deprive me of ten hundred times more glory, to purchase here a lit- tle treasure subject to cor- ruption, and transitory. *Quod facerari est hominē occi- dere*, to play Usurer is to play the murtherer, saith the O- rator *Cicero*: which may ap- peare (if ever) even in the ru- ines of this time; where *Hospitality*, which was the glory of *England* is vanished, and *Servin-men*, who by reason of their education and number, were the strength of

of the Ile, to suppress the barbarous tumults of all turbulent heads, are turned to a few garded pages, coloured like so many Butter-flies. Our Ancestors established by their Laws that the *Thiefe* should be censured to make restitution two-fold, but the *Usurer* foure-fold; so odious was this trade to ancient times, when onely the light of nature shone upon them. Yea, an *Usurer* by an old Canon, was denied Christian buriall; and more prophane, than allowed, was his opinion, who concluded in his owne behalfe, that no profession merited more exemption than *Usurie*: his reason was; it was impartiall, and respected no degrees: his conclusion

C 4

clasion was true, but his inference erroneous: for it taketh fast hold of Cities, Villages, Ports, and obscure Hamlets, and laies unhallowed fists on persons of all qualitie, even from the Peere to the poore Oyster-crying-wife. Hence must I draw my *Cautiō*, not to touch pitch, lest I bee defiled; their conuersation is infectious, their conscience a very Gulph or charnell-house, to swallow and consume, deuoure and exhaust all at once. The Indian *anthropophagoi* are not half so ravenous: I will walke in a more modest path, both to cheere my affections, with a satisfying desire of competence, and to blesse my selfe from such *Cankermormes*, as
prune

prune the vertuous blif-
somes of others; to feede
a posteritie of prodigall
rake-hels; my eare must
bee tuned to another note,
that my edifying Sence may
discharge her peculiar office;
not to affect novelties, or
chuse varieties, but to dedi-
cate her inward operation to
the mindes comfort (to wit)
the *Melodie of Heaven*.

Of Touching. 3^d. Essay.

His facultie of all
others, is most in-
dividuate; it in-
heres in the sub-
stance of man, and cannot
bee separated or taken away
without the detriment of

utter

utter decay rather, of the
 subject wherein it is: it may
 therefore be called the *living*
Sence, though in diuers dis-
 eases and occurrences also
 oft-times befalling, the sub-
 ject wherein it is, may be de-
 prived of it; as wee read of
Albenagoras of *Argus*, who
 neuer felt any paine, when
 stung by a Scorpion. This
Sence hath a certaine affinity
 with the essence of man, and
 therefore should bee em-
 ployed in such things, as con-
 ferre to the glory of that Es-
 sence: many abuse it, who
 be lulled with the lethargie
 of sinne and securitie, never
 turne their eye to a serious
 contemplation of the su-
 preme glory, or a considera-
 tion of their own frailty; they
 know not how Gods *defer-*
ring

ring is the more to *infer*; how
hells torments were no tor-
ments, if invention might
conceit them. These are they
that are deprived of the spi-
rituall use of this *Sence*; cry-
ing with the fluggard, *yet a
litle, and yet a litle*; turning in
their bed like a dore on her
hinges; their Delay like a *pul-
ley* draweth on them venge-
ance; like a mighty *engine*, ra-
zeth downe the forresse of
their soule; & like a *consuming
winde*, or violent tempest,
breaketh downe that faire
Cedar which was planted for
the heavenly *Libanon*. When
neither the *white flag* nor the
red, which *Tambrlain* advan-
ced at the siege of any City,
would bee accepted of, the
blacke flagge was let up,
which signified there was no
mercy

mercy to be looked for. It is
 strange that *man* endued
 with reason, the ornament
 of the mind, should become
 so blinded with a terrestriall
 rest (which indeed is no rest,
 but a torment) as to forget
 his owne composition; be-
 ing made of no better tem-
 per than *clay*, and as a vessell
 in the hand of the Potter.
 Far more wisely did *Agatho-
 cles* that prince of *Sicilie*, who
 commanded his *Image* to bee
 made with the head, armes,
 and body of *brasse*, but the
 leggs of *earth*; to intimate of
 how weake and infirme a
 ground, his imperiall person
 subsisted. Weake indeed, and
 of as weak accomplishment:
 for what can man do, wherein
 he may glory? or attribute
 the least of so exquisite a
 worke

worke to his cunning? if we
glory in any thing, it is our
shame, which is no glory,
but a reproch; for who, but
such as have a fore-head gla-
zed with impudencie, will
triumph in their owne de-
fects, or boast of their owne
imperfections? Doth the
Peacocke glory in his foule
feete? Doth hee nor hang
downe the taile when hee
looks upon them? Doth the
Bucke, having befilted him-
selfe with the female, lift up
his horns, and walke proudly
to the lawnes? O no; he so
hateth himselfe, by reason
of the stench of his commix-
ture, that all-drooping and
languishing, into some soli-
tary ditch hee withdrawes
himselfe and takes soile, and
batheth till such time, as
there

there fall a great shower of
 raine, when, being through-
 ly washed and cleansed, hee
 posseth backe to his foode.
 If such apprehension of
 shame appeare in brute
 beasts, what should *his* bee,
 that is made Lord and go-
 vernour of all beasts? Is this
living Sence, this vitall facul-
 ty, this individuate property
 made a rubb in our way to
 immortality? Doth that by
 which we live, cut from us
 all meanes of living hereaf-
 ter? miserable then is our
Sence, when without all sence
 of sinne, wee become depri-
 ved of the sence of glory.
 This sence of *Touch* may bee
 reduced to those three ob-
 jects, wherein our under-
 standing is summarily em-
 ployed: the *intelligible*, the
Inascible

Iraſcible, and the *Concupiſcible*
The *Intelligible*, whereby we
apprehend the end of our
creation, whereby we judge
of cauſes and events, *touching*
with the apprehenſive hand
of judgement, what may
concerne us, and the ſtate
wherein wee are intereſted.
The *Iraſcible*, when ſtirred
up with ire or indignation,
we proſecure revenge, not
ſuffering the leaſt diſgrace
without an intended requi-
ſall. The *Concupiſcible*, when
in an ambitious deſire of
honour or eſtate, or luſtfull
ſatiſfaction of our owne illi-
imited affections, wee covet
this or that, ardent in purſu-
ing, and leaſt contented,
when obtaining that wee
have purſued. The *Vnderſtan-
ding* iſtightly ſeated, like a
wiſe

wise Pilot steeres the ship,
 saves her from splitting,
 manning all things with a
 provident respect had, of
 what may come after. No
 Syren can tempt this wise
 and subtile *Vhysser*: though
 the sea looke never so faire,
 this wise and temperate ma-
 riner is suspicious of it;
 knowing, where the Sea
 lookes the whitest, oftentimes
 the perillous rocks, and ine-
 vitablest shelves are seated.
 She sinks, plummis, and tries
 the shaldes, whether apt for
 Navigation or no: in brieft,
 she doth nought without se-
 rious premeditation, and
 fore-thinkes of the meane,
 ere she attaine the end. She
 affects not curiosity, either
 in words, habit, or manners,
 yet verthously-curious how
 to

to expresse herselfe truly
honourable in all deport-
ments, without aspersion of
scandall. She will not dis-
guise herselfe in an dishonest
cover, but affecting *Plain-
nesse*, teacheth the same rule
and precept to her follow-
ers, which Iesus the sonne of
Syrach taught: *Ne accipias
faciem adversus faciem tuam*:
not to be double-faced, but
with sincere plainnesse,
such as thou art, such do thou
seeme. A rule farre more ac-
commodate to the course of
vertue, and more directly
leading to the seate of glory,
then all the policies which
ever *Machiavel* yet invenied,
or the dissembling appea-
rances of all observing Ti-
mists. Though *Numa Pompi-
lius* in Rome kept the peo-
ple

ple in awe, and subjected them to what tyrannous laws he pleased, under pretence of conference with *Egeria*; *Minos* in *Athens*, under colour he was inspired in a certaine hollow cave by *Jupiter*, and *Pallas* in a counterfeite habit, deceived *Claudius* in the adoption of *Nero*. This divine essence of the soule, (the *understanding part*) will assume no other forme than as she is: knowing her perfection cannot bee made more accomplished by any borrowed colours. Shee understands her selfe to bee composed of a more divine element, than to subject her will to unworthy ends; for shee knowes, that as the *sence* is conversant in outward things, she is seated in

in inward things, not directed by the eye of the *Body*, which is many times deceived; but by the eye of the *Soule*, which alwaies aimeth at one certaine scope, to wit, immortality. Shee considereth the ends, which mortality aimeth at; honour, ample territories, great possessions, popular respect, and long life, to enjoy these without disturbance, and shee makes use of these with a penetrating judgement, apprehending whereto the ends of these externally-seeming goods confer. *Honour* (saith she) is quickly fading, and an aspiring spirit, like the loftie *Cedar*, is ever subiect to most danger; when like *Iack* in a virginal, or *Jack* in a wheele, the fall of one is the rising of another.

another. *Ample territories and great possessions* (saith she) are more than nature requireth; she is content with a competent; and that competency reduced to a very narrow scantling, when of all our drosse, estate, treasure and possessions, going downe into the earth, nothing shall you take with you: you shall carrie no more hence, *Nisi parva quod urna capit*, but a Coffin, and a Winding-sheet. When *Saladine* that puissant Emperour of *Persia*, with many victorious and successive battles, had extended the limits of his Empire, and through the happines of his warres, being never in any one pitcht field vanquished, become the sole terror of the Easterne part, at last fell

fell mortally sicke, and perceiving how there was no way but one with him called his *Chesene*, and commanded him (having bin chiefe leader in all those prosperous warres, which the Emperor had atchieved) to take his *bravding sheet*, and to hang it upon a staffe in manner of a banneret, and with it, to proclaim in the streets of Damascus: *This is all that Saladin, the Emperor of Persia, hath left of his many conquests, this is all hee hath left of all his victories. Long life* (saith she) is not worth desiring, since it gives but increafe to a multitude of sorrowes; she prefers a *good life*, before a *long life*, and esteemes that life best beyond all comparison, which is exercised in the use
of

of her Creation. Shee concludes with the Philosopher, *Optimum est aut non omnino nasci, aut quam cito mori*; making life the Theatre of shame if abused, but the eminent passage from a pilgrimage to a permanent Citie, if rightly employed. To be briefe, she meditates of nought, affecteth nought, entertaineth nought with a free will, and a pure-consecrated desire; but what tastes of the spirit, having her eare barricadoed against the insinuating desires of every seducing appetite; shee is not of the world though in the world; nor can she love any thing within the Worlds Circumference, in regard, the World hath her limits,

mits, but shee not to bee
confined.

The *Irascible* is atten-
ded alwaies upon by Re-
venge: for the object of
the wrathfull Facultie is
Honour and advantage, and
if this cease, straight waies
Courage and Stomach de-
cay, so as the least argu-
ment of distast, like another
Sylla stirs her blood, and
makes up a Centaures ban-
quet. This *Faculty* is alwaies
as ready to apprehend an oc-
casion of punishing (yea
before it is offered) as to
observe the meanes of ex-
ecuting; when the occa-
sion is ministred. Shee
will not say with that no-
ble Venetian Duke; It is
sufficient for a discreet Prince,
to have Power to Revenge,
that

that his enemies may have cause
to feare him. No, meditation
upon revenge is the onely
prayer-booke, that this un-
bounded passion useth. Yet
may this *part* rightly tempe-
red, include in it an excellent
good: for Anger is not al-
waies unto sinne: whence it
is said, *Be angry, but sinne not.*
Wee may be angry through
zeale, and the fervencie wee
beare to the Gospell: Christ
was angry, when he whipped
the buyers and sellers out of
the Temple: hee was angry,
when his Disciples contem-
ded for priority, he was an-
gry at the incredulitie of the
Gentiles, the obduracie of
the Iewes, yea he was angry
at the barren fig tree, when
it brought out no fruit, and
therefore curst it, shadow-
ing

ing thereby the fruitlesse synagogue. O may my soule, if ever she be *angry*, *feele* this passion in the fervent love she beares to her Creator: may her *anger* be against her selfe, in the wofull remembrance of her sinnes; that her *anger* may breed a detestation, detestation a reconciliation to her Saviour. But for such as with the *Beare* cannot drinke, but they must bite the water, far may my soule be divided from their dwelling: I will be *angry*, but commit no sinne; for the God of Sion hath prescribed mee a forme, to bee *angry* for the zeale of Gods house, wherein is no sinne.

The *Concupiscible* is as therest, of it selfe indifferent; and as a line in a circle, equally tending

to either part of good or evil: yet so depraved is man become, that *Medea*-like, he is ever more prompt to take the worse rather than the better: heere the *avaricious* miser covets to engrosse an huge estate to himselfe, making his purse the Devills mouth, and with his hydrop- tick conscience, though ever purchasing, yet ever covering. Here the *ambitious* man displaies his owne humour to the eye of the world, of whom I may say, as was once said of one puffed up with the like spirit: *Quod habere non vult, est valde bonum; quod esse non vult, hoc est bonum*: that is good which he desires not to have, that is good which he would not have come to passe; so exorbitant is the desire

desire of the *ambitions*, as what he desires is nothing lesse than vertuous: here the *Merchant* aymes at an exceeding gaine in trafficke; hee sliceth the seas, opposeth himselfe to all dangers, all distemperatures of wind and weather, ever using this *concupiscible part* desiring a happy fraught for his adventure. Heere the *Warriours* desire is confined, to gaine by the spoile of another. Even the basest mechanicke offices be conversant in this facultie, ayming at some especiall end, whereto their labours be directed. To cover things temporarie, planting our affections on them, is discrepant from the right use of this excellent facultie: there is a good covetousnes,

and it is heavenly; there is a good theft, and it is heavenly; there is a good ambition, and it is heavenly; The good and godly-covetous-covet not with *Demas*, nor *Magus*, nor *Demetrius*; they covet righteousness, sobriety, temperance, yea all vertues which conferre to humane perfection; there is but one *pearle* of esteeme, and to purchase it, they sell all that they have; this is a happy covetousnesse, a glorious merchandise: the good and godly *these* cares not for embezzling earthly treasure; for he knowes mothes will corrupt it, rust will consume it, and continuance of time will deface it; it is that immortal treasure which he wou'd *steale*, for hee observes how it

it is subject to no alteration, but continues in the same state ever. Againe, he reads, *the Kingdom of heaven suffers violence*, and rather than hee will loose it, with all violence he means to pursue it. The good and godly, *ambitious*, ayme not at worldly honour, but as a subject in comparably above all externall seeming happinesse: for they consider how it is better to bee a doore-keeper in the Lords house, than to bee conversant with Princes. Happy *theefe*, whose theft is heaven; blessed *covetousnesse*, to cover heaven; glorious *ambition*, to aspire to heaven; may this *Theft* be my soules discipline; this *Covetousnesse* her exercise; this *Ambition* her prize:

So like the good *Theefe*, may
shee bee crowned, with the
godly-covetous *Zachens* re-
warded, and with the hea-
venly-aspiring soule exal-
ted. How happy shall I bee
in this *Sence* (the life of hu-
mane essence) if by using
these *three faculties* of my
soule sincerely, I shall at last
attaine to the state of glory ?
yet how much is this *Sence*,
especially conversant in
these three subjects, perver-
red, and violently wrested
from her owne nature ?
where such as desire to touch
the Arke, make this *Sence*
the instrument of their fall :
others *Gebezi*-like, whose
beating pulse will not
forgoe the touch of gold,
though they purchase it by a
leprosie. O how many fall
by

by this *Sence* of life, making it
 their *sence* of death; *Sodoms*
 apples were but *touches*, and
 to dust and ashes they were
 reduced: the fairest of all
 our vanities bee but *Sodoms*
 apples, they cannot indure
 the *touch*, for they are pain-
 ted and adulterate. Farre be
 my *Sence* estranged from so
 prophane a subject: *Virtue*,
 as it needs no colour to gar-
 nish it, so can it indure the
Touch, and neere be changed.
 It is she that shall attend my
Sence, so as *touching* her intel-
 lectually; my soule by so
 sweet an apprehension, may
 be incorporate in her indi-
 vidually. Heere is my *living*
Sence well satisfied, and in
 this harbour planted, she will
 never desire to be removed:
 for affliction is ended, dis-

content cheered, and a perfect rest, without interruption, by her that is the true essence of delight, proposed.

of Tasting. 4. Essay.

4. Sence
Of Tasting.

His Sence makes mee weepe ere I speake of her; fith hence came our grieve, hence our miserie: when I represent her before my eyes, my eyes become blinded with weeping, remembering my grandame Eve, how soone she was induced to taste that shee ought not. Hence doe I imagine (imagination is the end of man) how pure I had bin, if this one

one *sence* had not corrupted my pristine innocence: *apples* are suspicious to me, being the first that depraved me. I will rather distaste mine owne *palate*, to give true relish to my soules appetite, than by satisfying the *first*, corrupt the puritie of the *later*. By the ministerie of this *sence*, I apprehend the universall delights of this world; and as in the *Palate*, so finde I in them a distinct operation. Many things hot in the mouth, are cold in the stomach: such are worldly pleasures: hot they are in the first pursuite or assault, and eagerly are they followed; but in the *stomake*, that is, when digested and rightly pondered, how cold are those

those *Pleasures*, being attended on by remorse, and observed by repentance. Again, hence doe I gather the frailty and brevity of all earthly pleasures. Whatsoever ministers singular content unto our *appetite*, is no longer satisfying than in the *palate*; for after going into the *stomach* that content is done. So delights momentary and limitarie, to an instant, may for the present yeeld a satisfaction, but how soone be these ioyes extinguished, how soone forgotten? This *Sence* cautions me of two *sects*, the *Epicure* & *Pythagorist*; the first by too much exceeding, the later by too much restraining; the *Epicure* puts his money in his belly, as the *Miser* doth his belly.

belly in his purse: but the
Pythagorist neither cares for
belly nor purse, scrupulously
abstaining from that which
was ordained for his use. The
five senses (saith one) bee our
greatest sleepers; yet I may
affirme that this *sence* never
sleepeth; for there is nothing
seemingly *sencelesse*, which
thee apprehends not either
with free *taste* or *dislike*. Of
all others, this *sence* produ-
ceth the diversit qualities:
whence it is wee say, *Like sap
like service*. where this facultie,
either by an indispositi-
on of the bodie, or a distinct
operation in the subject,
shewes this pleasing and ac-
ceptable to one, which is
unpleasant and different to an
other. This *sense* must have
the body and mind prepared
before

before shee can rightly show her owne power; shee admits of no distemper, suffers no restraint: whence it is, that wee finde by experience, where the body is not equally disposed, this *facultie* hath much of her operation impaired. The best *Taste* is to distaste sinne, and the worst *Taste* is to affect that, which confers to the soule a distaste. Of all *tastes* inherent in all subjects, none lesse distinguishing than the hungry-mans *taste*: which may appeare in those miserable famines of *Samaritis* and *Ierusalem*; Rats, Mice, Weasels, and Scorpions, were no common mens junkets; where motherly love renounced her name, and became the ruine

ruine of that she should cherish; as the *Matron Myriam*, who constrained for her lives supportance (though she had but one sonne) killed and roasted him. Hence comes it, that necessity hath no law, nor hunger needs no lawce. Let my *Taste* bee directed by Reason, and not by Sense. Reason may enlighten her, and make her distinguish of desires; but Sense perplexeth her, and subjects the better part to a slavish appetite. Many have exceeded in the use of this sense, but few restrained their desires with moderation. More *Cleopatra's* than *Coruella's*, more *Vitellii* than *Vices*, more *Silepi* than *Salustii*: ancient and moderne replenish us with stories of this nature;

nature; where violent ends
 ever attended the immoder-
 ation of Princes, but health-
 full lives, and ioyfull peri-
 ods summ'd up the dayes of
 the temperate. The *Venetians*
 give us instance of these
 in themselves: amongst
 which there appears one
 more memorable: *Domenico*
Sylvio his Dutchesse, was so
 delicate a woman, as shee
 would have dew gathered to
 make her *Bath* withall, with
 many other curious per-
 fumes and tricks; yet before
 her death her flesh did rot,
 so as no creature could come
 neere her. May my Taste be
 seasoned with no such deli-
 cacie: let my affection ra-
 ther disclaime herselfe, than
 undoe my Soule by intem-
 perate subjects. I will not
 care

The like in-
 stance we
 had in our
 time, of a
 delicious
 Lady in this
 Land.

care so much to *taste* what I love, as what I hate; for I know my selfe more subiect to surter in the one, than in the other. I have *tasted* most of inferiour delights, yet in a general survey of all my pleasures, I cannot chuse but weepe, to remember how those delights which I affected, produce no other fruit but *Repentance*. The *taste* of vice to a mortified affection, is like sweet meats to him that is in an ague: *shee* is distastfull, and becomes more odious, in that *shee* cloaths delight with an habit of wantonnesse. I will chuse with holy *Hierome*, to build me a cell in the desert, to live out of the heat of concupiscence, rather than by living in the eye of the world.

en-

enthrall my reasonable part
to the appetite of *sence*. *Taste*
ingenders delight: I will not
taste every thing I like, lest
late repentance force me to
distaste that which I liked. I
will fore-see the end, ere I
approve of the meanes, that
grounding on a *golden meane*,
I may attaine a *glorious end*.
No tempting delight shall
feede my *appetite*: for as *pre-*
vention is the life of policy;
so temptation, if consented
to, is the passage to mis-
ery. Fowles of the ayre,
though never so empty-sto-
mack't, flie not for foode
into open pit-falls:

Que nimis apparent retia,
ut ait avis. My foule shall
imitate the bird, that they may
escape (like the bird) out of
the hand of the Fowler.

How

How happy were I, if I would ~~tast~~ nothing but what ministers content to the minde, sustaining nature, but not oppressing her, feeding, but not pampering her, cheering, but not cramming her. I have *tasted* many liquors, yet none like the brinie current of mine eyes: *tears* are best extinguishers of sin, preparatives to remorse, motives to true contrition: precious *Elixir*, may thou ever bee my drinke in the time of my pilgrimage, and quench my thirst of sin with a desire of an heavenly inheritance. As the Nurse layeth wormwood or aloes on her papp, to waine her child from sucking, so will I sprinkle some bitter thing upon such things as I affect, that my delight

light may bee restrained. How full of comfort am I, when my *taste* is directed to a right end? and how directed, when it is besotted with vanities? How farre better were it, to live temperate, *taste* all things as indifferent, and conclude our dayes in quiet, than to have *Dives* doome, *Nabals* doale, or *Balthazars* fall? how farre better were it to live like the *Hermit* in the Desert, then like the sensuall *Libertine* in the world so dissolute? what is it to feed lusciously, fare daintily, *tast* all things with full satiety, when our fare shall bee reduced to famine, our luscious feeding to Soule-starving, and our Satiety here on earth, to our penury for ever in hell? It is
better

better to distribute to those
that crave, use temperance
in what we have, and make
our posterity true heyres of
what we leave, than to cry in
midst of an eternall flame,
for one small *drop* to quench
our thirst, and not be heard;
for one *crum*, & not be satisfi-
ed; for one minutes ease and
not released. *Tast* may my
soule no such dainties may
starve her; delighted my
soule, but with no such vani-
ties as may corrupt her; re-
ioice may my soule, but in no
other subiect, no other object
then her only *maker*. So in the
tast of this life, shal I remēber
my yeeres with bitternesse
of heart: that my life, which
is reckoned not by *yeeres* but
howres, not how many but
how good, may be as the *Tast*
of

of sweete smelling odors, in the Nofethrills of her Saviour; there is no odour like to it, no perfume to be compared to it; it is a saving savour; a pretious odour; and the Saints honour. Happy *Sence* that is thus Sainted; comfortable *taste* that is thus renewed; and blessed soule that is thus invited; *Taste and see how sweet the Lord is*; sweete in his mercies, sweet in his promises, and sweet in his performance. And such is the spirituall *sweetnesse*, which every devout soule conceiyeth in the contemplation of eternity; whose joy is not in the tents of *Kedar*, but in the bowels of her *Saviour*; not with the inhabitants of *Moloc*, but the glorious seed of *Isaac*; these

these have their *taste* in the
greene and flourishing pa-
stures of Gods word; *dis-
tasting* the flesh-pots of *Æ-
gypt*, and relishing onely
the *Manna* of heavenly *Cana-
an*. *Pleasures* which are earth-
ly, *they* neither long for in
expecting, nor love when
enjoying. *They* have found
obstruction in the Sences
corporall, but free passage in
the Sences spirituall. *They*
compare *worldly-tasting* men
to those *Wilde Asse*, which
sniff the winde; *their* desires
extend onely to bee thought
good, disesteeming the ex-
cellencie of reall good-
ness, which maketh man
truly happy. *They* observe
foure sorts of men in the
world discovered by the eye
of wisdom: *Some are wise,*
but

but seems not so; some seeme so,
but are not so; some neither are,
nor seeme; some both are and
seeme: the last these only par-
take, for as their essence con-
curs with their appearance,
so forne they to expresse
more in semblance, than
they are in essence. If there
were no God, yet these men
would be good; and for *sin*,
though they wist (to use
Seneca's words) that neither
God nor man knew it, yet
would they hate it. O may
my taste be thus seasoned, my
palate thus relished, my affe-
ctions thus marshalled, my
whole pilgrim-course thus
managed, that my Taste may
distaste earth, rest in heaven;
and after her dissolution
from earth, enjoy her mansi-
on in heaven.

of

Of Smelling. 51. Essay.

O provident hath that great workman bin of all his creatures, as no delight even in this Tabernacle of earth, is wanting, to make him more accomplished: and though the *five Sences* (as that devout *Bernard* observeth) be those *five gates*, by which the world doth besiege us, the Devill doth tempt us, and the flesh enflame us; yet in every one of these, if right ly employed, is there a peculiar good and benefit redounding to the comfort of the soule, no lesse

1. Sence
of
Smelling.

lesse than to the availe and
 utility of the body. For even
 by the *smell*, as by the con-
 duit, by which is conveyed
 unto us the dilated fountaine
 of Gods mercie, doe we ap-
 prehend all varieties of flow-
 ers, soores, sweetes: which
 moved the Philosopher to
 terme this *sence*, the *Harbin-*
ger of the spring. Some are of
 opinion, that this peculiar
Sence, is an occasion of more
 danger to the body than be-
 nefit, in that it receives crude
 and unwholsome vapours,
 foggie and corrupt exhala-
 tions, being subject to any
 infection; it is true: but
 what especiall delights con-
 ferres it for one of these in-
 conveniences; cheering the
 whole bodie with the sweet-
 est odours, giving liberty to
 the

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the vitall powers, which otherwise would be imprisoned, delight to her *fellow-Sences*, which elle would beedulled, and the sweet-breathing ayre, which by her is received: all these (as so many arguments of consequence) bring us to a more exact acknowledgement of this *Sences* excellence. The *Smelling* is termed the unnecessariest of all other *Sences*, yet may it be employed in cases of necessity; witnesse *Democritus*, who against the celebration of the feast *Butyrsia*, fasted nine daies, sustayning nature onely with the *smell* of hot bread. This *Sence* of mine shall not be subjected to outward delicacies: Let the Courtier *smell* of perfumes, the flecke-fac'd Lady of her

E

pain-

paintings, I will follow the
smell of my Saviours oynt-
ments: how should I be in-
duced, following the directi-
on of reason, by such soule-
bewitching vanities, which
rather pervert the refined
lustre of the mind, than adde
the least of perfection to so
excellent an essence? No, let
Pigmalion dote on his owne
picture, *Narcissus* on his shape,
Niobe on her numerous pro-
genie; my *Taste*, shall bee to
taste how sweet the Lord is;
my *Touch*, the apprehension
of his love; my *Sight*, the
contemplation of his glory;
my *Eare*, to accent his praise;
my *Smell*, to repose in the
faire & pleasant pastures of
his word. O comfort truly
stiled one; in that my soule
transported above herselfe,
unites

unites her selfe to be joyned
to her Redeemer! The Gar-
dens of the *Hesperides* warded
and guarded by those three
daughters of *Atlas*, were
pleasant; the Gardens of *Lu-*
cullus fragrant; the Grove of
Ida eminent; yet not com-
parable to those exquisite
pleasures, which the diuine
pastures comprehend; there
is that *bedged Garden* that *sea-*
led Well, that *Bethesda*, that
Eden, that *Sylœ*; heere may
the delight of every *Sence* be
renewed; the thirstie satisfi-
ed, the hungry filled, the sick
cured, the labourer cheered;
and the exquisite mirror of
all perfection, torrent of e-
ver-flowing bounties, *Iessæ*
branch, *Aarons* rod, and that
flowrie garden of *Engaddi*
represented. There is *mel*

in ore, melos in aure, tubilus in
corde; hony to the taste, me-
 lody to the *care*, and harmo-
 ny to the *heart*; hon y which
 breedes no loathing, melody
 which is never discording,
 harmony ever agreeing.
 This it is to be joyned to an
 heavenly Spouse, sending
 from Paradie Pomgranats,
 with the fruits of Apples;
 Cypresse, Nard, Nard and
 Saffron, Pistula, and Cinna-
 mon, with all the Woods of
 Libanon, Myrrh and Aloes,
 with the best oynments.
 What excellent delights bee
 here proposed? what exqui-
 site comforts ministred? it
 is sufficient for me to admire
 them in this pilgrimage, en-
 joying them by contempla-
 tion, which after many pil-
 grim dayes I shall possesse in
 eterni-

Cant. 4.

fruition. There is no Pomander to smell at, like the oyntment of my Saviour: he is all sweet, all comfort, all delight; sweet in his mercy, comfortable in his promise, and delightfull in his presence; in his mercy a father, in his comfort a Redeemer, and in his delight a replenisher; from his mercy and compassion is derived abundantly fulnesse of consolation; from his comfort or promise, an assured expectation; and from his delight, of himselfe a plenarie possession. O would to God with happy *Ioseph*, I had taken downe my Saviour from the crosse, embalmed him in the spices or graces of my soule, had layen him in the new Sepulchre of my heart; that at least attend

Cant. 4.

ding or following my Iasvs,
 my obedience might have
 ministred something to so
 heavenly obsequies. For
 how should I thinke but by
 the *swell* of his oynments,
 my sinne-sicke and soule-
 soiled conscience should bee
 cured, who had power to
 raise dead *Lazarus* stinking
 in his grave, having beene
 foure dayes buried? O that
 I might goe to the Moun-
 taine of Myrrh, to the hill
 of Frankincense, to bee
 joyned to him, whose oyn-
 ments are above all spices!
 How should I want anything
 being so enriched? how
 should I feare any thing be-
 ing so armed? or how wish
 any thing, having whatsoe-
 ver I desired? Sweet-smel-
 ling perfume of selected
 vertues

vertues, pure streame of di-
vine graces, and amiable
beauty never blemished: no
delight shall withhold mee,
no affection seduce me, no
inordinate pleasure entice
mee, no sweet *smell* draw
mee; I have tyed my selfe to
my spouse in all my *Sences*;
being *He*, that ministers re-
freshment to all my *Sences*.
If I *see* any thing, it shall be
my Saviours Crosse; If I
heare any thing, it shall bee
my Saviours Praise; If I
touch any thing, it shall bee
my Saviours Wounds; If I
taste any thing, it shall bee
my Saviours Comforts; If I
smell any thing, it shall be my
Saviours Ointments; Blessed
eye, that hath such an object;
blessed *care*, that heares such
a concord; blessed *touch*, that

hath such a subject ; blessed *taste* ; to have such a relisht ; blessed *smell* , to have such a sweetnesse . As the Nose is the conduit , by which wee receive breath , so should it be the conduit , by which we receive grace : by it wee breathe ; may wee rather not in breathing praise to our Maker . As the *Taste* and *Smell* have two distinct offices , yet by an affinity united ; (for the obstruction of the one , is the annoyance of the other ;) so may they bee linked in one consort , in the contemplation of their Creator ; that as the *one* is to bee employed to *taste* and see how sweet the LORD is ; so the *other* by following the *smell* of her

her SAVIOUR'S oynt-
ments, may at last at-
taine to the *moun-*
taine of eternall
spices.

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1. Conditions of the

1942-1943

1940-1941

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1872-1873

1. The first part of the document is a list of names and titles, including "The Hon. Mr. Justice" and "The Hon. Mr. Justice".

PLATE 1

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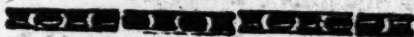
1940

1944

A
CONTINIVATION
Of these
ESSAYES,

Enlarged by the Authour in
these Subjects.

1. *The Sense of sinne.*
2. *The Sense of sorrow.*
3. *The Sense of humane vanity.*
4. *The Sense of others misery.*
5. *The Sense or apprehension of
future glory.*

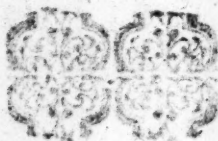


¶ Imprinted at London,
1635.

A
CONTINUATION
Of the
ESSAYS

Enlarged by the Author in
these Supplements.

1. The Sense of Power.
2. The Sense of Honour.
3. The Sense of Ambition.
4. The Sense of other Men's Opinions.
5. The Sense of our own Ignorance.



Printed at London,

1682.

AMPLISSIMO

&

AMICISSIMO VIRO,

GVLIELMO SAVILE,

BARONETTO:

CLARITATE STIRPIS,

SUAVITATE MENTIS,

SACRIS CONNUBIIS,

AMPLISSIMIS PRÆDIIS,

CÆLITVM PRÆMIIS,

AUSPICATISSIMO;

R. B.

PIERIDUM HUMILLI-

MUS, ISTA THEOREMATA,

CHARITUM CHARISMATA,

CANDIDIORIS INGENII,

LAVTIORA TRAGEMATA:

IN AMORIS TESTEM,

HONORIS TESSERAM,

Candide, Condisè, Cordatè,

D. D. D.

AMPHISIMO

&

AMICISSIMO VIRE

GENIUM SIV

BARONETTO

CLARITATE STIRPIS

SUAUitate MENTIS

SACRIS CONMUNIS

AMPLISSIMIS PRAEDIS

CELESTIVM PRAEMIS

AUSPICATISSIMO

R. S.

PIERIDUM HUMILLI

MUS, ISTA THEOREMATA

CHARITUM CHARISMATA

CANDIDIORIS INGENII

LAETITIA TRAGEMATIA

IN AMORIS TESTEM

HONORIS TESSERAM

Cordis, Cordis, Cordis

D. D. D.

The Sense of Sinne. I. ESSAY.

Patients, when they have a sensible feeling in the search of their wounds, beget in their Chyrurgions a probable hope of their recovery. Those griefes are only held incurable, whereof the Patients are insensible. To have an opinion of *standing*, when we *fall*; of *rising*, when we *lie*; of *groveling* still; of *increasing*, when we *decrease*: what is it but to perish in the confidence of our opinion, and in spirit of presumption, to pride ourselves in the wayes of perdition? The sicke
only

of Sinne.

onely seeke a Physitian. But hee who holds himselfe for well when hee is sicke, may be long sicke ere he be well.

What a misery it is for man to contemne that which solely dignifies man; and proclaimes him worthy that titular prerogative of man? What adoe he makes with patching and dawbing up this ruinous cottage of his crazie bodie? what large exhibitions must gratifie the superficial care of his obsequious Doctor? with what punctuality hee will regulate his irregular course to his Prescriptions? To what a strict diet hee will confine himselfe, to procure a longer reprieve in this wretched life? Meane while this precious Man is in the case

cased in this art-affected Cab-
 inet, may lose her lustre :
 while her indiscreet owner
 tenders her small or no ho-
 nour. An Ambassadour of
 Athens, answered King Philip
 of Macedon, threatening that
 he would cause his head to
 be cut off ; *If thou take this*
head from mee, my Countrey
will give mee another that shall
bee immortall : Statnam pro ca-
pite, pro mortem immortalitatem.
 Collect hence, what an un-
 daunted resolution appea-
 red in a Pagan, whose aimes
 came farre short of the ob-
 ject of a Christian ! Fame
 and Elysian fields, meere-
 ly extracted from poetick rap-
 tures & phanaticke dreames,
 were the glory they sought
 for: They desired only so to
 live, that the memory of
 their

B. 7. 7.

their actions might leave to posterity succeeding Annals of a renowned life! O that wretched man would recollect his dispersed, nay depressed thoughts, and raise the graduall affections of his Soule to that Spheare, where she may expresse her native beantie, as in her owne proper Orbe! The Soule in the Body, is like to a Queene in a Palace. Should this princely Seat, nay, this *great Kings Court*, bee soiled with the rabbish or refuse of earthly steames, mouldy affections; how highly would it discontent so pure and glorious a Sovereaigne? God forbid, that thee, who was ordained for a Sanctuary of the Highest, should become a cage of uncleane Birds. And know,

this

O

O man, that thou art miserably divided, nay eternally estranged from Him and his love, to which thou oughtest solely to bee espoused, individually affianced; by cleaving to sinne, the deepest soile or staine of thy soule. For no cloth can bee engrained in a deeper dye, than the soule, when it is dy'd in graine with sinne. Where man, miserable man, *Quot vitiorum servus, tot dominorum, & quot dominorum, tot demoniorum.* But whence is it, that this pure-piercingeie of the Soule, should bee so taken with this pye-coloured flagge of vanity, as to become forgetfull of the *supream good*, without which no true felicity? What bee these *Remora's*, which stay

Aug.

Bern.

us in this our Navigation,
 from the land of Chanaan?
 Four impediments there
 be, which hinder us from
 heaven, as that mellifluous
 father saith; Necessity; Vo-
 luptuousnesse; Vanity; Cu-
 riosity. *Necessity*, in pretending a
 provident domestick Care,
 not without apparant dis-
 trust of Gods providence.
Voluptuousnesse, in tendering
 her darling flesh all obse-
 quious indulgence. *Vanity*,
 in complying with the hu-
 mours of the time, and en-
 gaging her selfe to it in all
 observance. *Curiosity*, in a
 priding or affectation of her
 selfe, by challenging to her
 the title of preeminence.
 Now, that earthly things
 are a maine impediment to
 with-

withdraw us from our heavenly progreſſe; ſo as wee cannot mount up to heaven, is ſignified by that Embleme of man endeavouring to flie up towards heaven, having wings on his right arme; whereby hee is lifted up on high, but a great plummet of Lead, or weight of Iron, or a heavie ſtone on his left arme, whereby he is drawne downward to the earth. Whence it was, that devout father, walking one day in the open fields, to reſreſh his over-wearied ſpirits; and ſeeing a ſhepherds boy who had caught a bird, and tied a threed to the foot of it, where ever and anon as the bird laboured to mount upward, the threed haled her downward, applyed this divine

*Alciat.
Emblem. 20*

Anſelm.

vine Morall, not without
 pious compassion, to mans
 miserable condition, in this
 manner: "My soule, my
 "poore restrained soule, is
 "this captived bird, who
 "while she strives to ascend
 "with the holy wings of
 "heavenly desires, and to
 "leave this Tabernacle of
 "earth, she is brought backe
 "by this retentive threed of
 "my flesh. Strong she is in
 "desires, but her affections
 "are prevented, while shee
 "is by her fleshly *Idumite*
 "restrained.

But let us reflect a little
 upon the grounds or degrees
 of sinne, that we may have
 a more sensible feeling of
 our sinne. The first then, is,
 as it were a tickling of *de-*
light in the heart; the second,

consent; the third, *act*; the fourth, *custome*. These are the fatall pinnes of that death-descending ladder, which brings wretched man to the bottomlesse Lake of horror. Or to reduce to a straiter channell this exuberant issue of sinne: All Divines agree, and prove it by S. James, that there are three degrees; to wit, *Suggestion*, *Delectation*, and *Consent*. Whereof, as the first is of the *Enemy*; the second, of our *Sensuality*; the third, of *Reason*: so may the first bee without fault; the second includeth (for the most part) some negligence; the third convinceth us alwayes of iniquity. Or to use the words of S. Gregory the Great: *In suggestion is the seed of sinne; in Delectation, the*
now.

*Iacob. 4.
 Aug lib. 1.
 de ser. Dom.
 cap. 23.
 &
 Lib. 12. de
 Trin. ca. 12.*

*Greg. ad in-
 ter. 11. Aug
 Cantuar.*

Pro. 20. 17.

*nourishment; in descent, the
 perfection. I am now to
 - Now eye the punish-
 ments of sinne, which may
 bee properly comprized in
 these three; *fear, shame, and
 guilt*: *fear* of judgement;
shame of men; and *guilt* of
 conscience. *The bread of de-
 ceit is sweet to a man, but his
 mouth shall be filled with gravel.*
 But what is it to *fear* judge-
 ment, and fearfully to incur
 it? Or to *fear* the *shame* of
 men, and to commit that
 which merits the *shame* of
 men? Or to tremble at the
 honour of a *guilty* conscience,
 and to harbour that which
 afflicts the conscience? So as,
 I cannot sufficiently admire
 the purely refined resolve
 of that zealous Lampe of
 our Church, who constantly
 set*

set his rest upon this: For *sin*, were I assured (said hee) that God would forgive it, and that no man knew it, yet would I not commit it, meerly for the deformity, which I conceive to be in it. Deformity indeed, for it makes of Saints, Devils; of heires of *Sion*, slaves of *Satan*. It first deprived us of our primitive beauty; and caused our first Sinner to flie to the bushes for shelter.

But what retire or retreit could he finde in any place, from His incircumscribed presence which is in every place? *Adam* must be brought from the bushes, and *Sarah* from behinde the doore; and man shall say to his conscience, as *Ahab* said to *Eli*, Hast thou found me, O mine enemy? Sinnes may be without

danger for a time, but never without feare. For if wee hope by sinning secretly, to sinne securely, wee shall by our security give our grand enemy such opportunity, as he shall little need to feare ought lesse than a speedy victory. It was a pretty saying of *Epicurus*; "What
"profits it thee to sin safely,
"if thou canst not sinne se-
"curely? or what availes it
"the Delinquent to finde
"meanes of retyring, when
"hee has no confidence in
"the place of his retyring?
The way not to feare death, is by holy actions, heavenly affections, to aspire to a better life. With what a safe and secure passage is he conducted, who hath made Sin his slave; Vertue his guide; Hea-

Heaven his goale? *Death* he need not feare, for it conducts him to life. *Sinne* hee need not feare, being that which hee did ever loath. *Iudgement* he need not feare, for that will approve him. His *Iudge* he need not feare, for his sentence doth acquit him. This then shall be my conclusion, and every Pilgrims admonition: *Eo ten- nixè cogita infeliciorem, quò in- culpis numerosiore.* Want of meanes; losse of friends; deprivall of honour, should not all so much deject thee, as by one sinne to dishonour him that made thee. There is nothing makes an ignoble soule; but corrupting her blood by attainer of sinne.

Heaven his gods? Death he
need not fear: for it com-
eth him: *And thus hee*
The Sense of sorrow.

Of Sorrow.

Sense of sor-
row must of ne-
cessitie follow
sense of *sins*:
the wretched
Parent of an unhappy issue.
Sins begets *sorrow*; for
thrice unhappy he, who con-
ceives no *sorrow* for *sins*. If
I looke not into my selfe, I
know not my selfe; and if I
looke into my selfe, I cannot
endure my selfe. In my Sum-
mer Arbour, when pleasures
enclose me; and no visible
object of discontent inter-
poseth it selfe to crosse mee:
even then, when my friends
accom-

accompanie me, and all transitory delights smile upon me; with one reflexe upon mine owne unhappinesse, is all my solace turned to sadnesse, my pleasing discourse to me lancholy retirednesse. Then I begin to pen a penfive ditty, suiting best with my troubled fancie. Then I consider what is lost by sin, in respect of glory: what is got by sin, in respect of misery. What miserable man hath lost, & what he hath found: what is gone, and what remanes. And in this Survey I finde how he hath lost felicity, for which hee was made, and hath found misery, for which hee was not made. That is gone, without which nothing is happy: and that remaines, without

F which

which nothing is unhappy. Man, then (and happy then) eat the bread of *Angels*, which now hee hath not: Man, now (and unhappy now) eats the bread of *sorrows*, which then hee knew not. Shall I then with the *foole*, when hee goes to the *stocks*, laugh at mine owne punishment? Shall I see mine owne conditior represented in man, and partake in no *sorrow* for the miseries of man? Nothing is more to be pitied, than to see a distressed man take no pitie of himselfe. Many Heathens, who had but weake glimpses of eternity, would not suffer themselves to bee taken up with the least joy, during their reside here on earth: *Heraclitus, Crates, Anacharsis*, were

were never seene to laugh :
they found nothing here
worth enjoying, much lesse
joying. And shall man, who
is now enlightned above a
naturall man, and whose eye
should be fixed on no lower
Spheare than *eternity*, immix
his purer thoughts with the
rubbish of *vanity* ? or sing
his songs in a *strange land* ?
Or preferre the *kusks* of a
prodigall childe, before the
hopes of an *Heire apparant* ?
I rather commend his an-
swer, who being exiled his
native Countrey, and one
day asked why he looked so
heavily ; replied, *I beare the*
Embleme of this place in my
front. For what hath man
on earth, that may truly
cheere him, without the so-
ciety of a chearfull guest

within him : For my part, I see no *object* without a teare ; no place without feare. *Quocunque eo, fleo, me delyrasse Deo. Delyrin carnis, suspiria cordis.* Great sinnes require great sighs. For when I consider, how so many shall become *Judges* of mee, and *witnesses* against me, as in the practise of piety have out-stripped mee ; my heart faints within me, my languishing spirits leave me, and I am left to my selfe to bemoane my misery.

Birds of the wildernesse were holden uncleane : yet will I build mee a recluse in the wildernesse, that I may with more privacie bewaile my sinne. Melancholy must be my melody, in this model of misery. It addes to the
the

the burden of a mothers
sorrow, to bring forth a
monstrous birth; and what
should it doe with the soule,
who so often brings forth a
monstrous birth, as shee be-
gets a mortall sinne?

Alb. Mag.

This lingring life of man,
what is it but a perpetuall
and continuall repentance?
A perpetuall repentance in
habit, though not in *act*; in
affection, though not in *acti-*
on. Where life is a *punish-*
ment to afflict us; a *thraldome*
to enchain us; an *exile* to
estrange us from that Coun-
trei which can onely se-
cure us. For what is this
life but a medley of distra-
cted cares, desires, and
feares? Desire of having
what wee have not; and
feare of losing what wee al-

Clemens.

ready have. While man, indiscreet man, becomes for most part, more unhappy in having than wanting: for by loving things hurtfull, hee becomes more unhappy by enjoying than forgoing: So as, what he accounts his best good, becomes, by abuse of the creature, his extreme ill. Man hath nothing here on earth, which he may properly call his owne, save *Time*; and of that time hee hath but one poore moment, which carelessly lost, hee stands lost for ever. He daily heares, how *eternity depends on a moment*; yet for the husks of vanity, he neglects eternity, and consequently slaves himselfe to eternall misery.

Tell

Tell mee, deluded man,
who holdest no meane in
the daily aggravation of thy
sinne, whence is it, that thou
so fattens and adorneſt thy
flesh with all pretious de-
lights and delicacies, which
within few dayes the worms
are to devoure in the grave?
But adorneſt not thy ſoule
with good works, who is to
be preſented before the Ma-
jeſtie of God and his Angels
in Heaven. Whence is it,
that thou ſo diſvalueſt thy
Soule, and preferreſt thy
flesh before her? O that
thou wouldeſt recollect thy
ſelfe; and enlarge thy devo-
tion in a fervorous expoſiti-
on upon that particle; *O ſi
reſiduum tempus detur; &c!*
O, having heard the cenſure
of eternall death pronoun-
ced

ced on thee, and no hope of
reprieve afforded thee, thy
friends estranged from thee,
all visible comforts made
torments by a strange Cata-
strophe, to afflict thee; if
the residue of a longer life
were allotted thee, or some
small enter-breath of time
granted thee for repentance,
and disburdening thy sur-
charged conscience, how
strict and exact a course
would bee by thee accepted,
and with what a joyfull
compassion entertained, that
thy times remainder by a se-
rious endeavour might be re-
deemed! What free and
voluntary tributes of teares?
what constant and infatiga-
ble encounters with all ex-
treames? No exile would
seeme grievous; for to suf-
fer

for exile in a place of exile,
cannot be tedious.

His aymes, his desires winged
with a zealous affection to
his native countrey, would
make all difficulties seeme
easie; the sharpest taskes at-
chieved with facility.

But what is there that may
worke deeper impressions
on our *Sense of Sorrow*, than
to consider how man never
flies to God, till all hope of
comfort or successe flie from
him? *Quæ nos hic premunt,*

Greg.

ad Deum nos ire compellunt.

When the Sea is calme, the
Sailer is secure: his mouth is
shut from prayer, but open
to fearfull oaths, and fatal
healths: but no sooner
comes a storme, then hee
veiles his wing, puls downe
his top and top-gallant: hee

ac-

acquaints his unpliable knees
with the cold floore; he lifts
his enforced eyes to heaven,
and calls for mercie: for hee
perceives there is a com-
manding power in the
depths.

The sicke-languishing
soule, who sung no song but
requiem in her health, having
now felt *Gods arrows* sticke
in her flesh, becomes hum-
bled, and fits the burden of
her song to the tune of *La-
chryme*: Hee promiseth to
become a *new man*, if God
will but make him a *sound
man*: but why will hee not
doe it without condition?
Let him bee soundest at
heart, when sickest in body.
*Quicquid sanatus institueris,
hoc insanatus illicò præstiteris.*
Continue not inwardly ill,
till

till thou beest outwardly well. Nothing is more unhappy, than the happinesse of the wicked. The body, when it is scourged, the *soule* is healed. The *affliction* of the one, is the *refection* of the other.

Doe not murmur, when prosperity is to thee a stranger. The further thou art from *Comfort* on earth, the nearer thou art to the *Con-*
sort of heaven. Fix thine eye where it may be satisfied. Set thine heart on that which may truly enrich it. He that makes Heaven his *Object*, makes every inferiour thing his *Subject*. If we *sorrow*, let it be for *sinne*; if wee *rejoyce*, let it be in the remembrance of *Sion*. There is nothing here worthy our care, much lesse

lesse a tear. We have a *continall feast* within us, so long as we suffer no forren Guests to disturbe us. So wee bee ready with our accounts, and watch for our Masters comming : *Sorrow* may last for a night, but joy commeth in the morning.

3. ESSAY.

The sense of humane vanity.

*Of humane
vanitie.*



Nothing is so vaine as man, if hee raise not his thoughts above man.

Weake is hee in his resolves, unbounded in his desires, and seldome successiue in his dispatch.

Take

Take a view of the whole
Progress of man, and see,
what poore *Conclusions* the
Premises of his deceiving life
are drawne to. What is *Honour*,
but a rising steppe to
make the unwary moun-
ter to fall lower? What *friend-
ship*, but a faire semblance, or
flourishing pretence of si-
ding with us? What *Riches*,
but occasions of our unhap-
pinesse; withdrawing our
minds from that *Supream*
Good, which onely may suf-
fice us? How happy had ma-
ny beene, if they had never
tasted earthly happinesse?
while applause either mad-
ded them; or popularity o-
verswayed them; or some
indirect aimes insuccessively
wrought, dispatcht them.
For mine owne part, I may
safely

saſely averre, that there was never earthly thing, wherein I conceived any extraordinary delight, which clozed not in the end with much bitterneſſe and diſcontent. And I collected thence, how thoſe delights I conceived, were not rightly grounded, and conſequently, could not bee long continued. I have obſerved, what care and affliction of minde a poore Earth-worme would ſuffer, and never hold it ſuffering, to purchaſe a buttall of land from his neighbour, or to foile him in an unneceſſary ſuit, or by unjuſt wayes to improve his eſtate. Meane time, with what an indifferent, or rather, averſe care, would he heare ought tending to his Spirituall good?

good ? of these He would
heare another time : his at-
tention was elsewhere fixed,
his desires to drossie affecti-
ons so engaged, as nothing
more disrelished him, than
what highliest concerned
him. Where is now the dis-
cretion which should bee in
man, when hee seats his
thoughts on mortality, as if
hee should never returne to
earth, but finde a *permanent*
City in a *Wildernesse* ? Daily
hee sees man changed, to
Earth resolved, their *beauty*
blanched, their *power* blasted,
their *State* to their posterity,
or sometimes to those,
where they professed grea-
test enmity, resigned. Hee
thinks, (foolish man!) that
time past was short, but time
present and to come will last
long.

long, Miserable worldling !
hee desires to take out his
gold, when hee can scarcely
see it ; and to tell it, when
his groundling disposition
hath enjoyned him never to
enjoy it.

Nor is the voluptuous Sen-
sualist lesse vaine, when hee
sets his fame, friends, safety
of soule and body all at one
stake. How well it suits with
his debauch't humour to
roare the Night over ; and
to a light Curtezan to em-
pawne his honour ? Present
delights make him forget-
full of approaching distresse.
Hee feeds lasciviously, courts
his Curtezan wantonly, and
slaves himselfe to the atten-
dance of vanity.

Nor is the ambitiously-
aspiring spirit, who scorns to
stalke

stralkes in common paths, lesse
vaine in his indiscreetest
aims. He eyes his own worth,
labours to advance himselfe
in affaires of State, and by
interesting his Person in
high designs, hopes to aspire
to a place seconding, if not
transcending his demerits.
All this while he never eyes
his Comperitor, who holds
himselfe of equall honour:
whose interposition begets
in him that affliction, as hee
makes the Poets saying an
axiome?

Instius invidia nihil est.
by eating up the heart and
marrow of her Master.

Should wee take a more
exact Survey of persons of
all conditions, wee should
finde vanity display her co-
lours in every family. But
let

let us draw yet a little nearer to her nature, by a more curious reflexe had to our selves.

Man is ever eager in the quest or pursuit of his owne praise; but impatient of his reproofe. Though he might observe all things to bee vaine, and of vanities, none lighter than himselfe: yet he magnifies himselfe in his owne folly, and in actions of greatest perill promiseth to himselfe most security. When hee walks after the desire of his owne heart, he is conceited hee walks in a cloud, and that none can discover him, though hee shew himselfe unmask'd to the world. But what a misery is it to see him left to himselfe! How farre hee estrangeth him-

himselfe from that which should solely distinguish him from a Savage ! This confirms that of the Tragedian : *Tunc adolescens omni sub-*
sternitur vanitati, cum suae va-
nae admittitur libertati, & gra-
vi adjicitur voluptati.

Sen in Herc.
furant.

To give an unmanaged horse the reines, is dangerous ; but nothing to the liberty of an unconfin'd will. Such an one makes the world a Theatre of vanity, where all *Scenes* of lightnesse are acted in their owne proper postures. Hee sees no fashion, bee it never so uncomely, nor phantasticke, which doth not infinitely take him : yea, the more strange, the nearer he thinks it represents State. This makes him to become not
onely

onely *gorgeous* but *gawdy*; and to proclaime himselfe to the wide world, the profest Favorite of folly.

Here another is as vaine in his *thoughts*, though not so humorous nor sumptuous in his *habit*. For he disguiseth a proud heart in a threadbare coat. Where you may see a Philosophers gowne, but no Philosopher. Hee would gladly be admired for his poverty; and this is the period of his Philosophy. Both these have in them a spice of *Vanity*; the former, in being too curious; the latter, too seemingly carelesse. Now, I have observed a kinde of men; to whom you can doe no greater injury, than not to admire them. These send out their eyes to

to wooe obſervance : and when they can finde no fooliſh admirers, they returne diſcontented.

But all this is nothing to the *vanity* of thoſe *Elders* ; whoſe very experience can deliver you a Lecture of mortality. For they (ſeemingly) have long time converſed with death, and made him as familiar, as if he were their Inmate. They can diſcourſe gravely : and amplifie it with Preſidents occurring daily : No longer than yeſterday they accompanied their neighbour to his grave, & he was rich in fortunes, fame, family, and progenie ; yet could all theſe procure him no reprieve : Let us prepare us then (will theſe ſay) for wee are made of the ſame
G mould,

mould, and therefore cannot weare out long. Again, they will not sticke to illustrate Mortality with History, and say: About the River *Hypanis*, which runneth through a part of *Europe*, into the *Pomticke* Sea, (as that profound *Stagyrite* affirmeth) there are bred certaine Beasts, which live but one day: and compare our Age with immortality, and wee shall be found to live in manner as short a space as those day-dying beasts. But no sooner are these grave Patriots return'd home, then they quite forget those Memorials of frailty they had left, betaking themselves to their *first Love*, the embraces of this World: promising to themselves long

long life; when the very faculties of Nature faile, and deny performance of their proper Offices.

O, if we would confider, how all things are *vanitie*, save onely to please God and to serve him, wee would withdraw our thoughts frō earth; that so, by contemning these objects of *vanity*, and devoutly aspiring to those of *eternity*, wee might live with him, whom wee heere loved, enjoy him whom we heere served.

4. ESSAY.

*The Sense of others misery.**Of others
Mifery.*

Umane it is to
 compassionate hu-
 mane misery; and
 to consider, how
 nothing befalls man, which
 may not befall another man,
 if His preventing Grace bee
 awanting, who made man.
 There is none, but he is *sensi-
 ble* enough of his owne
 griefes; and in a personall re-
 morce, can resolve his com-
 plaints into teares, in the re-
 lation of his owne mishaps.
 When hee lookes from any
 high Spire or Promontorie,
 he shakes and shudders; such
 a reflecting conceit hee re-
 taines to himselfe, and so
sensible

sensible hee is of his owne danger. But all this while, wherein suffers hee in *another's misery*? what *sense* h'as hee of his restraint? what compassion takes hee of his want? Albeit, nothing relieth better of true humanity, than to have a fellow-feeling of anothers infirmities? *Qui dolorem exhibet in aliena necessitate, crucem portat in mente*: Hee that sheweth compassion in anothers affliction, sorrow in anothers necessity, beareth Christs Crosse in his mind. In partaking of which burden, much discretion is required, that the sufferer may become more eased, by having his griefes in some proportion shared. Times and seasons are to be observed: for it is

Greg.

not so hard to give comfortable counsell to the sorrowfull, as to finde a fit season when to give it. To minister cordiall or comfortable advice to one surprized with a phrensie of passion, what fruit or benefit can it produce for that season? Not onely then an affable compassionate Spirit, but a discreet conceit is requisite for such a worke.

It was commendable in *Marcellus*, upon histaking of that flourishing Citie of *Syracusa*, to stand upon the wals, and forth of noble compassion, to shed teares, before hee shed any blood. Nor was *Titus* his Princely pittie lesse to bee admired, who in his surprize of the Holy City, attested his sorrow with tears, and

and with sundry passionate
enterbreaths, expressed his
compassion in the view of
her destruction.

And to single or cull out
what especial persons, this
excellent verrue best be-
commeth: there are none
that discover her beauty
more then these who are
made Presidents in affairs of
judicature. When wee see
Justice executed with mi'de-
nes, with what greedines are
Plebeian eyes fixt on him,
how their prayers are pow-
red forth for him, with what
a calme and composed spirit
the adjudged delinquent em-
braceth his censure, because
attemper'd with sweetnesse
without any taste of rigour.
His heavy doome hee allaies
with compassionate teares,

which supplies the relon-
 ring Prisoner, as hee enter-
 taines his sentence for a
 favour.

The like I have often ob-
 served in a RIVER AND
 SPARESMAN in this king-
 dome; who is yet living, (&
 may hee live long to bee an
 honour to the Place where he
 is seated, and a President to
 such as shall succeed him) in
 pronouncing an Order or
 definite Decree betwixt Par-
 ties. Who, when at any time
 he perceived that Law could
 say nothing in behalfe of the
 Plaintiffe, yet that Equity
 spoke for his reliefe; hee
 would forbear to deliver
 his Sentence, till hee had in
 an amicable way, called the
 Defendant before him, and
 moved him by many power-
 full

full and perswasive reasons to incline to a peace : yea, and nobly interposing himselfe (amidst the pressure of his more weighty affairs) to *umpire* it, that it might bee more evenly carried, and more equally composed. May such mens actions bee living *Annals* to posteritie, to beget in others a pious emulation of their vertues; that like pure Lamps, they may shine in the *Courts of Equity*, and by their exemplary goodnesse make after-ages to blesse them in their memory.

This noble and Princely compassion suites no lesse with *Personages* of highest quality, in affaires of Iudicature. For it is the property of a candid nature, a com-
G 5 passionate

Cicero de
Orator.
lib. 2.

passionate temper, truly
to professe that he hath *spar-*
red where hee might have
spilled, then to have *spilled*
where he might have *spared*.

The Emperesse wisely ad-
monished her husband,
when sitting at play, and
minding his game more than
the Prisoners, hee pronoun-
ced sentence upon them, in
a sympathizing feminine
compassion, reflecting on
their condition; "The life
of man (quoth she) is not a
game at Tables, where a
wooden man is taken up
by a blot, and throwne
aside, and the losse is not
great.

Nor is this to extend only
to *criminall causes*: seeing,
whether it bee life or land,
there is no great difference

in the account of God: for,
*The bread of the poore man is
his life; and hee that oppres-
seth the poore, eateth him like
bread.* Whether therefore it
be in the life, or in the living
of man, the Office of *Iustice*
is not to wade to the Anles,
but up to the chin; to sound
the bottome and depth of
the cause; carefully to
conferre all presumptions
and inducements; prudently
to deliberate, to enucleate
all difficulties: and though
the Case be dangerous, and
great probabilities of evictio
against the Examinee, yet
by a serious indagation to
have the prooffe of the fact
clearly laid forth. Wee have
a President hereof in GOD
himselſe: who, though hee
be nearer to offenders, than
the

the barked to the tree, by the
 presence of his Godhead,
 which filleth Heaven and
 Earth, yet when the cry of
Sodome and *Gomorrah* was
 great, (to leave a succeeding
 example of Iustice to the
 Sons of men) *I will now goe
 downe, (saith he) and see whe-
 ther they have done altogether
 according to that cry, and if not,
 that I may know.*

But to returne to our former
 Subject, which makes Com-
 passion her Object; so farre
 removed are some adaman-
 tine natures from partaking
 in others griefes, as that of
 the Poet may be truly veri-
 fied of them:

Ovid:

*Vixque tenent lacrymas, quia
 nil lacrymabile cernunt.*

But these partake more of
 Savage than humane: so as

thev

they are not to bee admitted into the List of our discourse. Wee speake heere of men, to men. Such, I say, as can resolve into teares, through their sensible feeling of others griefs; whereof wee have a singular patterne in Him, who was the *Architype* of all divine graces: and in whom every distinct Action, should bee to us a motive of instruction, a modell of imitation. *Non aliter Redemptoris nostri membra effici-mur, nisi adherendo & com-patiendo proximis.* Wee become no otherwise the members of our Redeemer, but by cleaving and suffering with our neighbour. And to presse it farther, by a sentence of the same Father:

Quanto quis perfectior erit, ibi
tanto

G. 2.

ib.

upon our *Head*, and wee
will acknowledge our
selves to bee *united* Mem-
bers. Now, let this sa-
cred *union* admit no distra-
ction. Bee it our joy to see
our Brother prosper: and in
his affliction equally suffer.
And this we shall easily doe,
if wee labour to weane us
from selfe-love; by reserving
a part of that for our Neigh-
bour, which was before
wholly ingrossed to our
selves. Being thus *equally*
minded, wee shall finde a
friend to cheere us, when
the sharpest gusts of seeming
discontent assaile us.

5. ESSAY

5. ESSAY.

*The Sense or apprehension of
future glory.*

*Of future
glory.*

TO apprehend, whereto our conceit may no way extend, is impossible. Yet may wee collect Symphoniacally, though not analogically nor proportionably, by the Excellence of the Creature, the infinite goodnesse of the Creator. If these things be so good, which are created, how infinitely good is hee by whom they were created? *For the invisible things of him, that is, his eternall power and Godhead, are seen by the Creation of the world.*

Rom. I. 20.

From hence let us returne to our heavenly City, where-
in

in wee are enrolled, and recorded *Citizens*. Let us reflect a little upon that heavenly condition, which frees us from the incumbrances of earth, and spheares us in the Mansions of heaven.

Hee that hath once tasted of the Fountaine *Clitorius*, will never drinke any wine. The happy-invited Guest may here plenteously feed, & never surfet: being there seated, where neither desire begets longing, nor satiety loathing. Seeke then that one good, wherein consisteth whatsoever is good, and it sufficeth. Repose your selves in him, who comprehendeth all things in him, and whose presence only secureth. The onely vision of God is the true refection

fection of the Soule. And if
this bee such when wee
have him in a glasse, what
shall wee enjoy when wee
have him *face to face*?

*Lib. de phi-
los. apud
Aug. de
Civitate Dei.
l. 19. c. 1.*

Varro reporteth, that the
ancient Philosophers have
held and maintained two
hundred threescore and
eight severall opinions con-
cerning felicity. Wee
have learned better things
than to bee enwreathed in
errour; for we know where-
in our sole felicity confi-
steth; even the fruition of
our Saviour. Suppose then
after our long fast, a long ex-
pected feast: wherein are
nine dishes furnished with
heavenly dainties, and pre-
pared for such as seeke hea-
venly things.

The first is; *1. Rent with-*

out

out age: This life are wee to enjoy, where there is *youth* without age. The second is; (2) *Health without infirmity*: for the glorified body can be no more hurt, than a Beame of the Sunne. The third is; (3) *Wealth without poverty*: Thou shalt enjoy abundance of all things.

Aug.

Deut. 8.

Now it may bee demanded, whence is it that man cannot bee satisfied, nor his desires filled with honours, delights, riches, & the like: and it is easily answered, because the soule is made after the Image of God, & therefore cannot bee filled till it come to that Image or patterne to which it was made, and this is God himselfe, and then it resteth. For example sake, when waxe is stamped

stamped by a Seale, and the impression is afterwards carried through the whole world, and compared with all other Seales, it retaines the perfect resemblance of none, but of the first: so it is with the Soule made to the Image of G O D. Whence *Saint Bernard*: "The reasonable soule made to the
"Image of God, may bee
"with all other things occupied, but never satisfied:
"it is capable of God, and
"whatsoever is lesse than
"God, cannot fill it.

Fourthly, 4. *Peace with perpetuity*. As there is none who would not willingly rejoyce, so there is none who would not willingly enjoy peace: which peace even those who wage warre

warre desire by a glorious victory to obtaine, that by war to their eternall praise, they may enjoy a triumphant peace. None may come to the inheritance of the Lord, but by observing of his will. Peace is our guide to eternall life. Fifthly, 5. The *Angels cheerefull festivity*: where the Courts of the Lord resound with that harmonious voyce of *Angelicke melody*: *Blessed are they that dwell in thy house, for ever and ever shal they praise thee.* Sixtly, Our 6. *graces fecundity*: when the actions of our lives are approved, and in *him*, whose mercies are our merits, meritoriously reputed. Seventhly; 7. *Of all the Elect the blessed society.* Behold, I saw a great multitude, which no man could

*Aug. de civ.
Dei.*

*1b. li. 19.
Ambros.
Sup. Luc.*

Apoc. 7.

could number. VVhence *An-*
se! me; "Every one there re-
 "joyceth nolesse in anothers
 "glory, than of their owne
 "proper felicity. VVhence
Gregory in his morales: "Who
 "is it that may sufficiently
 "declare, how great joy
 "every soule shall conceive
 "in the humility and inte-
 "grity of the holy Patriarks;
 "in the credulity & fidelity
 "of the Prophets; in the
 "charity and great love of
 "the Apostles; in the con-
 "stancy and patience of
 "the Martyrs; in the piety
 "and clemency of the Con-
 "fessors; in the chastity and
 "continency of the Virgins?
 "Surely; tongue and voyce
 "faile, and understanding
 "sufficeth not to apprehend
 "what great joy it may bee,

to bee present with the
chores of Angels, to see
the presentiaall counte-
nance of GOD with the
blessed and Elect.

The eight, of that (8) *glor-
ious Virgin*, that *Sacred-secre-
tary*, wherein was inclosed
the Hope of our Salvation.

Ninthly, is that joy, above all
which hath beene hitherto
said, and without which all
is nothing, whatsoever hath
been said; even that univer-
sall beatificall joy, (wherein
is dished up all dainties)
which wee shall conceive in
the (9) *vision of God*.

This shall be the Summary joy to
see the face of God; because
the desire of every ones af-
fection is found stored and
clozed in this divine Vision.
For God himselfe shall bee
the

the end of our desires; because Hee shall bee scene without ending, lov'd without loathing, prais'd without wearying: for whatsoever Man desireth, he shall enjoy most fully, when he beholdeth the mysterious mirror of the glorious Trinity. For he that seeth God, seeth & knoweth all things, being knowne to *Him*, who knoweth all things. So as whatsoever his kindred or others do upō Earth, is known unto him, through the knowledge of him who made Heaven and Earth. whence the *master of the Sentences*: "They that see the
 "glory of God, there is no-
 "thing done by the Crea-
 "ture, w^{ch} they may not
 "see. For what is it that they
 may

*Aug. 22. de
 Civit. D. i.*

Greg.

Greg.

Iohn 17.

“ may not see, who see him
 “ that seeth all things ?
 Whence the Psalmist: *Shew
 unto us the light of thy counte-
 nance, and wee shall bee safe.*
 And to contract all in one :
*This is life eternall, that they
 know thee to bee the onely very
 God, and whom thou hast sent
 Iesus Christ.*

But to draw nearer home;
 say, thou way-faring man,
 who art tyred (and lesse thou
 canst not bee then tyred
 with thy long and tedious
 journey in this sandy Desert
 of *Idumea*) how joyfull it
 would bee for thee to see
 thy native Countrey? *Sin
 aspectus terrestris patrie tam sit
 delectabilis, quàm amabilis erit
 terra desiderabilis?* Say, thou
 Sea-faring man, who com-
 batst with floods, windes,

H

and

Anach.

and Waves, and art divided
 but foure-fingers breadth
 from death; how pleasing
 would it bee to thee, to ga-
 ther thy *Vessels* in the *Haven*;
 to rest from tugging at the
 Oare, sweating in the
 Sunne; to enjoy perpetuall
 honour, and to rest eternally
 from thy labour? O eter-
 nity, eternity! To thinke of
Hell, what can bee heere
 painefull? To thinke of *Hea-*
ven, what can bee heere de-
 lightfull? One reflexe of
 Divine comfort will disperse
 all disconsolate Clouds of
 approaching anguish; and
 make all glimmering rayes
 of outward comfort, not so
 much as the least motives of
 Solace.

Long to bee there, where
 thou maist ever bee, and
 where

where eternity shall accom-
pany thy glory. In this Vale
of teares, remove all sensuall
cares; and addresse your
chiefe care for the fruition
of eternall joyes: that loving
them before you see
them, seeing them,
you may enjoy
them.

H 2

OR-

Sicut difficile aliquem suspi-
tur malum qui bonus est: sic
difficile aliquem suspicatur
bonum qui malus est. Chrylost.
sup. Mar.



DETRACTION.

D*etracti*on is a sinne, derived from *him*, who first seduced woman to sinne: shee is cōversant in extenuating of vertues, *detracting* from the good, and spying occasion how to derogate from his worth, which is most deservingly eminent: shee is called by the sententious *Lipsius*, a privy guilefull wounding of the name, by these two instruments, *Penne* and *Tongue*: shee is termed by that divine Philosopher, a secret undermining Thiefe, that breaketh into the precious Cabbinet of all morall

H 3 vertues,

vertues, not to possesse them, but corrupt them; not to enjoy them, but detract from them: shee is harboured in male-contents, respectively entertained by Novellists, an inquisitive observer of State-affaires, & a serious agent in civill divisions: shee is a great enemy to peace, yet expects small benefit by warre, never contented so long as shee sees deserving men honoured: shee is amongst men as pernicious as to God odious, being a profest foe to none more than such as bee zealous of God. *Saturne* is said to have predominancy over her, *Idlenesse* is the foster-mother of her, and *Envy* claimeth an especiall prerogative in her. It is strange to see how her censures be ever grounded

grounded on ignorance in matters of knowledge, where publike or private imputation useth to bee the maine scope of her invention. Rightly was shee compared to the venomous *Tarantula*, bred in the Region of *Apulia*, whose stinging was not to be cured by ought but *Musick*, to wit, the Melody of a sincere and patient minde, prepared to endure whatsoever shee shall inflict: yet able to wipe off, whatsoever shee can asperse. As it is the property of a friend to conceive well, to defend and speake well of those labours we compose, or actions wee performe (saith *Lucretius*): so is it the use of a discontented and malignant nature, to deprave the *best* by misconstruction,

H 4

struction, ever ayiming at the worst: much like the Toade, that may not endure to smell the sweet savor of the Vine, when it flourisheth. Whence I may justly assume a particular complaint, having got the name of a *Detractor*, which I never merited. But well doe I perceive whence I gained that title, traduced, not deserved, being by malice suggested, or on misconstruction (the indirectest path to probable opinion) grounded. For *Construction* is the moulder of *Detraction*: and impossible is it, that so many different mindes should jumpe in one censure; for particular vices enforce an application to our selves, what was meant in generality. So as nothing can bee writ

writ in how téperate a style
soever, but some personall
distaste may bee occasioned
contrary to the minde of the
Author, yet sorting with their
own vicious humor : whereas
it would relish more of true
wisedome, to reforme that
in our selves, which gives oc-
casion of reproofe unto o-
thers, then publikely to dis-
cover our owne defects, by
applying that to our selves,
which perchance had as
neere, if not neerer affinity
to others. And herein was
Vespasian commendable, who
apprehensive enough of of-
fence, & powerfull enough
to revenge, could wisely for-
beare to bee captious in the
one, or violent in the other.
As for popular opinions
which have their foundatiō
on

on no other ground than err-
 ring Report, I appeale from
 them to a firmer and faith-
 fuller testimony, that is, my
 owne conscience, which can
 say thus much of me in lieu
 of so many objections: *Non*
habeo in me, quod refertur contra
me: so sincere were my pur-
 poses from the beginning, as
 they euer aymed at a more
 generous and glorious
 marke, than to stoupe to
 such basenesse, as personall
 calumniation, the infallible
 note of an ignoble and un-
 worthy disposition. Albeit,
 more apparent it is than
 light: *Ut Bellue sunt humane,*
ita homines belluini; whose de-
 praved actions should bee
 glanced at, whereby shame
 might reclame them, seeing
 themselves brought forth
 naked

naked to the world; or the examples of others deterre them, whose fearefull ends were occasioned upon like meanes. And such as *these* bee as necessary fautors and supporters of *vertue*, and her declining soveraignty, as those cherishers and professors of vice bee principall causes of vertues decrease: yea *those* be they, which that regal patron and paterne of justice, *Aristides*, termed the Centinels of his kingdome, because they rowled and raised his people from the secure sleepe of riot and excesse, perswading them to employments more generous and manly, than to expose so precious a treasure as *Time* to sensuall effeminacy. Amongst *these* (I confesse it) I
may

may bee ranked, nor is this Rank unworthy the approbation of the *best*: for my aime hath ever beene (so farre as the small portion of my ability extended) to propose a way as accommodate to the course of vertue in a generall observance, as particular practise: endeavouring to instance in my selfe by example, what my *Works* propos'd by instruction. Wherein, if at any time I failed (as what man living may not at some times faile, if not fall) so unfained and urgent was my desire of redeeming the time I lost, as I surceased not to labour till I regain'd what I lost. Yea, so farre have my thoughts ever been from excusing or extenuating my imperfections, (w^{ch} have bin
ever

ever before mine eyes) as I made that divinely-morall instruction of *Epictetus*, my entirest Counsellour: who wils mee not to deny the sins mine enemy taxes me with, but to *reprove* his ignorance, in that, being unacquainted with the infinity of my crimes (which minister no lesse occasion of feares than teares) hee layes onely two or three to my charge, whereas, indeed I am guilty of a Million. But for that other *ranke*, whose Olyly tongues can *smooth* the errours of the vicious, as well as *smother* the deserving parts of the vertuous, I as much loathe the gain of their trafficke, as I hate their trade. For the world shall not hire mee to utter one word to their praise, wch deprave

deprave the world, nor the eminent^t rewards force mee to *detract*, where *vertue* bids mee commend. For so small is the content I reape on earth, as I see nothing in it of that worth; w^{ch} might move mee to *Flattery*: or of that daring command, to force mee to dispraise what is good, having a prepared soule within mee. Briefly, as I detest these *base creepers*, so will I seeke to avoid the dangerous company of *detractors*, since the *former*, as they imply spirits ignoble and depressed, so the *latter* inferre troubled mindes; and such as are discontented. Long time therefore have I resolved to sconce my selfe betwixt these two; for who so observeth not a *meane*, is
in

in danger of being split by one of these two. But to returne to the nature of these *Detractors*, which *Pindarus* calls *men of uncurbed mouths*; they are ever itching after newes, which by an uncharitable glosse, they labour so to pervert, as they may redound to the imputation of some personall agent interested in those affaires. They are subtile interpreters to the worst sense: for (Spider-like) they sucke poyson out of the wholesomest flowers. As every age is infected with their poyson, so no age from them, can plead exemption. Where nature herselfe shall bee reviled by *them*, being shee that first produced *them*. One findes fault with nature, and taxeth her

her of indiscretiō, for setting the Bulls hornes rather on his head, than his back, being the stronger part. An *other*, that shee should place both the eyes before, wheras providence would have set one behinde, & another before, to arme man against danger as well behinde, as before. Yea, even *those* Orators, and Pleaders for the prerogative of *nature*, have beene oft-times scene to *detract* from her Sovereignty : as the sensual Epicure, whose absurd opinion was, that there was indeed a *Superiour power*, which had command over the inferiour Creatures : Yet was that Power but an *idle God*, loving his rest & quiet, and retyring himselfe from the care of mā or his affaires, giving

giving him free scope and liberty to doe what hee list, and reposing the Supream happineffe of a Deity in rest. To confirme which palpable opinion, *some* irreligious Epicures of our time, for the better establisshing their doctrine of security, have produced, or rather most impiously traduced that portion of sacred Scripture, *Requiescit Dominus in septimo die super omnia quae patrarat.* So generally pernicious is this poison of the world, as it aymes not only at inferiour Subiects, but even at the transcendent power of the Almighty, piercing (that I may use *Homers* words) the spheare of Heaven, and wounding *Iupiter* himselfe. These bee those *Aspes* tongues, which poison our good names, those

Spiders, wch^{ch} with an art full of
secret admiration, bring
webbs out of their bodiesto
intangle us poore Flies in
their snares; Those spreading
Tettors which cate into our
reputation; Those Suck-blouds
which exhaust the pith and
marrow of our Soules; They
are those Canker-wormes,
which ever browze on the
tenderest and sweetest blou-
somes of our vertues. In
brieft, whatsoever is oppo-
sed to good, that are they,
asperling the foulest blemi-
shes, on men of approvedst
deservings. True it is, that
nothing is more swift than
Calumny, for shee is ever fly-
ing; more eager, for shee is e-
ver assailing; more cautelous,
being ever prying; more ty-
rannous, being ever raging;
or more remorselesse, being

ever devouring. In a well-governed State; this *Axiom* holds ever impregnable; *Eadem est felicitas unius hominis & totius civitatis*: but how farre *shee* is estranged from that felicity, may appeare by the hate *shee* beares to every good man within the City; professing for faith, fraud; mixing deceit with fairest pretences of affection; conversing with purpose to traduce, importunate in the pursuit of acquaintance, wch *shee* makes as notorious by her report, as if they were Prodigies in nature, by their life. *Shee* cannot endure to entertaine such into the *list* of her discourse, as affect a reserved silence: for those cannot yeeld her argument of talke, because they are not

nortalkers. *Those* which *Ca-
tiline*-like, will promise much
and doe little, relish better
in her Palate, than *such*, as
Inguirih-like, will speake little
but do much. Thus far is ex-
pression of her nature; I will
now touch the place of her
abode. For the place of her
abode, it is harder to finde
where she is not, than where
shee is; in divers villages as
obscure, as time could make
them, have I lived; and I
have ever noted one *Mother
Trattles*, newes-carrier to all
her neighbor-Gossips with-
in the Parish: *One*, that had
art to tell a Tale with winks
and nods: yea so excellent
were these old-trots in in-
vention, as they could make
one and the selfe-same Tale,
told in disgrace of one
neighbour to another, with

a little alteration, as pleasing to the latter, as the former. It pleased therefore the Spartan Oratour, to call them *Brands*, because raisers of civill differences, and heart-burnes one with another. *Brands* indeed, as well to publike States, as private families; whose many ruines will witnesse, that though the wound bee healed, the scarre remaines still, harbouring that Viper within them, that preyed on them; so miserable was their fate to cherish her w^{ch} occasioned their fall. Rightly did he say, that termed them *Antipodes* to all good men, because they walke alwayes in a path opposite to the trace of vertue, being as indirect in their courses, as uncharitable in their

their censures. For *Judgment*, they as much disclaime it, as those that are profest enemies unto it; so much for conceit they thinke onely requisite, as may *detract* from merit, and adde to disgrace. The *Athenian* teamed them *Owles*, *biters of light*, *Bats*, *recreants to their owne*, *Scarabees*, ever feeding on *ulcerous flesh*; aptly displaying their natures by these borrowed names. But for their place of *being*, as they ever love to insinuate into the acquaintāce of the eminentt persons, so they make them the usualt subjects of their discourse: wherein they use to compare their *Actions* and *parts* with their *Progenitors*, whose vertues they make as transcendent, as they disvalue the

the commendable qualities
of those now present: and
which is more remarkeable,
though they bee altogether
ignorant of what their *Pre-
decessors* did, yet expresse they
their actions in dispraise of
their successors, as by ocular
experience they knew what
they did. Farre bee my
thoughts estranged from
conversing or commercing
with these men; yea, may I ra-
ther not speake, than *detract*
from the vertues of the least
eminent by speaking. I have
ever wished, that my spee-
ches might tend rather to
edification of some, than im-
putation to any. For so free
have my intentions beene
from publike or private Ca-
lummy, as my invention (e-
ver grounded on a probable
truth)

truth) hath ever seated and
 settled it selfe on the serious
 commending of goodnesse,
 with a modest improving of
 what was vicious. Yea, I may
 safely avow (out of a sincere
 confidence within mee) that
 I neere saw *the man*, who
 could worthily taxe mee
 in this kinde: indeed *Poe-
 sie*, which one of the Fathers
 is pleased to terme *Vinum
 demonum*, not because it
 cheeres, but charmes Sinne,
 may seem sometime to *Saty-
 rize*, when it is personall ap-
 plication, not the *Authors*
 intention, which makes his
Poeme a Satyre: rightly there-
 fore was that resolve of the
Greeke Poet grounded:

And him my Satyre aimed,
Whose application claims,
That it to him was sent,
Howsoever it was ment.

And that againe of the golden Morallist;

(max,
Satyres are like to Images in
Taxing such men whose guilt
(themselves doth tax.

for my part, I have been ever
so religious an observant of
my friends; as I wish rather
not to live, than by my lines
to loose any mans love: es-
pecially when I esteeme
(with that divine Sage) my
friends life, my best of humane
glory, and his good name the es-
sentiall st part of his life; but
wonder I cannot chuse (for else
I should

A pleasant
Poeme by
the Author,
long since
published;
and by
Some no
lesse censo-
riously
than cause-
lessly taxed.

Should I wonder at my owne stu-
pidity) how any should harbour
the least conceit of an intended
Detraction by mee, or by my
Labours, unlessse my title of De-
vill imply so much, which may
seeme to have affinitie with that
which the Greeke terme *διαβολη*,
Detraction: but I hope, the
judicious, whose censures
have not their dependance
on titles but essences, types
but truths, are resolved of
the remotenesse of my
thoughts from such an unge-
nerous condition; meane
time, as the intentions of my
soule are grounded on a
more settled foundation, than
the opinion of that monster-
multitude, so shall my studies
ever bee directed for the sa-
tisfactory delight and pro-
fit of the generous. I am now
drawing

drawing from the world: heavens forbid that I should prove such a servile observer of the world, as to prize her *Favours* before my fortunes in an other world. In briefe, as I am now learning how to number my *days*, so will I take a strict account of the expense of my *hours*, that my *days* well numbered, may bring mee to the length of dayes never to bee summed; that my *hours* well expended, may bring mee to joyes in that *last hour*, never to bee ended: so shall those vertues which I have in *others* admired move mee to imitation; those vices which I have observed in *others*, enforce in mee a detestation.

blowing from the world:
*Male de eloquentur seu mali;
 movere se de me M. Cato
 se Lelias sapiens, si duo Sci-
 piones ista loquerentur: nunc
 mali displicere laudat est.*

*Seneca ad Galion. de remed.
 fortuit.*

FINIS.

the parable, is thereby the



my impurity and obduracy

R E S O L V E S.
by the power of him

T Offered before
the sacrifice of
my tears; now

remains the pro-
secution of my *Resolves*: that
as the first were symbols
and signals of my conver-
sion and contrition; so the *Ac-
ter* might be a persuasive
motives of my firmer reso-
lution. Drie be those tears
of repentance, which are
not seconded by a zealous
continuance; for the per-
fection of vertue is perseve-
rance; and stoulesse is that
zeale, which like the seed in

to

I 3

the

the parable, is either by the
thorny cares of the world
choaked, by the heate of per-
secution parched, or by sto-
ny impenitency and obdura-
cy withered: I will there-
fore by the power of him
that made mee, so forme my
Resolution, that I may finde a
comfortable friend in the
day of my dissolution; so shal
the howre of my death bee
my convoy to life; my *Exit*
a conduct to a more glorious
intrat, my farewell on earth
to my welfare in heaven;
reaping for what I sowed
in *travaile*, in a plenteous har-
vest of joyes. Thus therefore
I addresse my *Resoluer*, which
I wish may bee with like
fervour received, as they
were composed, ministering
no lesse matter of consolati-

on

on to the devout *Reader*, than they did of mortification to the penitent *Author*.

I resolve to fixe mine eye more intently upon my Image, that my forme may put mee in minde of my Former.

I have conversed too long with the world: I will fall from discourse to contemplation; from talking with the world, to to contemplate *him* that made the world.

I will no longer put my candle under a bushell, shrowding my soules lustre with my bodies cover, but will display the eminency of the *one*, by the basenesse of the *other*.

Since

Since it is not granted to man to love, & to bee wise, willingly will I incurre the opinion of unwise, to gaine the love of him, that is solely wise.

The most precious things have ever the most pernicious keepers; which I found too true, when I made my body my soules guardian: I will henceforth esteeme more highly of such a treasure, than to commit it to the trust of a Traitor.

I have observed two Solstices in the Sunnes motion, but none in times revolution; I will redeeme therefore my time, while opportunity is offered, for being
past

past, there is not to bee recalled.

I have scene young mens love end in lust, old mens in dorage; if ere I plant my affection, I will so waine my selfe from the first, that my chaste youth may exempt me from the latter.

Elegantly expressed was that conceit of the Emperor: *Fortune hath somewhat of the nature of a woman, that if shee bee too much wooed, shee is the farther of*: I will thinke it therefore the best of fortune, neither to bee allured, by her fawne, nor dejected by her frowne: for our indifferency towards fortune makes us most fortunate.

Excellent was that Sovereignty or regency of Fortune, attributed by Livy to *Cato Major*: In whom (saith hee) there appeared such ability both for constancy of minde, and maturity of wit, as in what place so ever hee bore himselfe, hee seemed to bee the moulder, and maker of his owne fortune: but I desire no such transcendency; more have fallen through the height of successe, than for the want of meanes: This is my will, to enjoy no other meanes, than my Saviour, who makes meanes for mee to his Father.

I have wondred at the strict accounts betwixt man and man, while *Man* the Image of his Creator, forgets his

his accounts due to God by man : I *resolve* to make the Evening the summer up of the day and morning ; that my daily *Memorandums* may direct mee in my reckning, when I shall come to bee accomptant for my dispensing.

In my *childhood* I wished time after time to please my waggith fancy ; now is my wish extended to the length of time, *resolving* to live to my fathers glory.

It grieves mee when I call to minde, how those many howres of vanity, which did once delight mee, shall be produced as so many witnessses, to condemne mee ; yet am I cheered with this

Resolve

Resolve, that Hee, who mo-
ued mee to this remorse for
my sinne, will not suffer mee
to make relapse into sinne,
nor will pronounce the
judgement of death on mee
for my former sinne.

Grievous sinnes require
grievous sighes; I will passe
therefore the remainder of
my time in lamenting, as
I spent the prime of my time
in transgressing; so shall my
teares witnesse my contriti-
on, my retire from the world
my conversion, that in both,
I may adde to my soules glo-
ry, by wayning my body
from the conceit of her
beauty.

Each thing wee see in her
kind and nature; yet man by
sinne

by sinne a privative, degene-
rates from his nature primi-
tive; opposing himselfe, by
transgressing his law that
made him for himselfe.

I have heard many call
this life a *Pilgrimage*, yet did
they live in it, as if it had
beene the sole hope of their
inheritance: I resolve there-
fore to take in hand the
active part, and leave the *dis-*
curfive; doe before I *speak*;
practise mortification before
I prattle of it; so shall my
discourse be powerfull, sub-
sisting in the worke not
word, not externall or for
fashion, but in essence and
operation.

I have oftentimes entred
into discourse with my
selfe,

selfe, making the scope thereof *venite & Abite*: I contemplated withall, the happinesse of those *five Virgins* received, the misery of those *five* rejected; reasoning with my selfe what this should meane; and I found that no entry was admitted, where the *oyle* of grace was not infused; and that the heavenly Bridegroom will bee by us watchfully attended, ere wee bee by him gloriously received. I *resolved* therefore, to prepare a Wedding garment to adorne mee, a Lampe full of oyle to lighten mee, and a trusty friend to direct mee; the garment of humility; the oyle of charity, and my friendly conscience within mee.

I have

I have wondred at some mens humours, whose chiefest discourse was ever bent on their owne commendations; for my part, the knowledge of mine owne imperfections injoyne mee silence, considering how farre I am short of that I should bee, how exceeding in that which is not required of mee; I have *resolved* therefore by the scale of humility, to ascend to the throne of glory, making the acknowledgement of my defects, my directest path for the attaining of perfection.

As the compleatest folly appeares in too much complement, so the best of wisdom is to bee least popularly wise; where opinion makes

makes us proud, whilst privacy in knowledge makes us onely knowne to our selves, and no otherwise.

I have found oftentimes the excellentest parts shrowded in the meanest and unhandfomest covers; which I can instance in nothing better than in the divine essence of the soule, covered with the garment of flesh.

Honour is a faire baite, but a sincere disposition will not assume it before shee deserve it.

The best of honour is to acknowledge our selves unworthy of *Him*, to whom is ascribed all honour; nor can wee better expresse our worth,

worth, than by confessing
our owne shame.

Purposes and Resolues may
bee compared to *Pauls* plan-
ting, and *Apollo's* watering,
but their disposes to the
blessing of God.

I have *resolved* in reflexi-
on to my houre-glasse, con-
sidering times preciousnesse
with his swiftnesse, to vie
teares with her graines of
sand, that my teares might
(in some measure) wash a-
way the heape of those
sinnes, which are multiplyed
like the sands.

Earth as a globe in the aër,
the soule as a Diamond in
Lead, Reason as a Queene
in her Throne, in the first
wee

wee move and are moved;
 in the *second* wee shine, yet is
 our splendor by our bodies
 cover, obscured; by the *last*
 wee are distinguished from
 beasts, yet by her abuse
 wee become worse than
 beasts.

It *Cesar* (saith *Machiavel*)
 had beene overthrowne, hee
 would have beene more odi-
 ous than ever was *Catiline*; so
 strangely doth th'event
 make indirecte actions glo-
 rious: but successe doth not
 ever argue a direct cause; for
 the Morning-flourish of the
 wicked shuts up their Eve-
 ning in a fallen discontent.
 I will therefore so direct the
means that I may attaine the
end: that an equal relation
 of one to the other, may pro-
 duce

duce or necessary success in
both. I have wondered why the
Thracians being a Pagan,
should lament his birth like
a Christian; when wee that
are Christians laugh at our
birth, but pule at our death,
like Pagans.

As wee enter the world
with a *smile*, so wee leave
it with a *sigh*; the *first* im-
plies what place of misery
wee are entring; the *other*
shewes with what griefe
wee leave the world in our
departing.

I have considered with
what tranquillity and peace
of conscience, a soule se-
questred from the world
taketh her farewell of earth;
shee

shee findes no objects to dis-
 tract her, shee sees no friends
 that can with-draw her from
 her approaching dissolution;
 all seeme as in a calme sea;
 while so a soule plunged in
 worldly cares, grieues to
 leave what shee did so excee-
 dingly love. O may my soule
 so contemne the world, as
 shee may addresse her selfe
 for a future world: so ex-
 tend her hopes above earth;
 as shee may raigue with her
 Saviour after Earth.

As the vale best discove-
 reth the hill; so a humble out-
 side best displaieth a glori-
 ous soule; Vanity becom-
 meth not a wise-man, much-
 lesse him that should be onely
 wise to salvation.

I had

I had never the fate con-
 mire titles nor hope to rise
 by fauning on greatnesse;
 Heavē grant I may so follow
 him that is onely great, that
 the choise of his attendancē
 may purchase me a place of
 perpetuall residence.

Age cannot alter habite,
 nor aēr condition; I doe
 with my age may bee so well
 tempered, that I may get
 that habite of vertue, which
 cannot bee depraved; those
 internally-beautifying qua-
 lities of the minde, which
 may not bee corrupted.

That is the choicest plea-
 sure, which hath onely rela-
 tion to vertue; others may
 have appearance, but no ef-
 fence: for bitter is the fruit of
 that

the pleasure, which is attended on by Repentance;

There is no Bulwarke so impregnable as a spotlesse soule; for shee can oppose all hostility inward, where the *other* is lonely for outward: as there is a continuall feast to *him* that enjoyeth her, so there is security to *him* that is attended by her.

Length of daies is not in this vale of *weare*, for few bee they and full of misery; but in the Tabernacle of *Syon*, there is length of time without transiion, and accomplished yeares without conclusion.

I have collected, that there

is a *Reward* for the good, as
revenge for the wicked af-
ter this life, because the *Sun*
shineth as well on the wicked as
the good in this life. I have re-
solved therefore, that as the
temporary *Sunne* cheeres
mee with his heate, so to dis-
pose of my *Actions*, that by
his operation which workes
in mee, I may bee exalted
by the *Sunne* of righteous-
nesse, being made partaker
of his glory.

When I beheld the *Dew*
fall on the grasse, by which
it is nourished; I presently
recolle& how happy that
soule is, which is watered
wth the *Dew* of Gods grace,
by which it is onely renew-
ed, and in her affliction com-
forted.

It

It is strange that one in
his travaile should so often
measure his grave, yet bee
forgetfull of his end, seven
foote is his dimension, yet
man liveth in that security,
as if that small scantling had
a perpetuall extension.

Making each day an ab-
stract of my life, I finde by
bitter experience (yet hope-
full repentance) that I have
spent my morning in wan-
tonnesse; now my resolve is,
to redeeme my morning
idling with my mid-dayes
labouring, that I may re-
ceive my penny in the eve-
ning.

As the Sunne shines the
brightest at his setting, so
should man at his departing;

it

It is the Evening crownes
the day; happy Soule that
shall be crowned, when her
Evening is approached.

Flattery is not alwayes to
praise in presence, for in-
curre wee may that name by
praising in absence; that is,
when either the vertue is
absent, or the occasion; as for
vertue, shee can neither bee
over-priz'd, nor over-prais'd:
I will hate therefore to insi-
nuate, where Vertue is not
resident; nor can he be a Pa-
rasite, that is her attendant.

I finde severall perturbati-
ons, to which I am exposed,
divers infirmities, to which
naturally I am subjected; I
would not follow the in-
discretion of *Empyrickes*,

K

which

which minister the same medicines to all Patients: as my griefes bee sundry, proceeding from divers meanes, so must my receits bee sundry, if I meane to cure the effects. I will use therefore corrasives to eate away the hard and dead skinne of impenitence; Lenitives to renew and cherish my tender skin, lest I fall to despaire, through too much weaknesse.

I am almost of *Copernicus* opinion, who in his *Theory* supposed, that *the earth did move*, it moves man indeed to move unlike himselfe, becoming in his motion forgetfull of his *first Mover*: I resolve therefore, as many lines tend to one Centre, so
to

to ayme all my soules motions to the glory of my Maker; that earths motion may by no meanes draw mee from *him*, who first gave mee motion to serve him.

I have sometimes wished an end of my misery, lest misery should cause my end; but I found how foolish I was to wish for an end of that, which can no way possible, have an end before my end; for misery is an inseparable companion to man, so long as hee is man; for ceasing to bee miserable hee becommeth an Angell and no man.

Hee that fals from divine contemplation, to take

contemplation, to take content in the world, is as *he*, that after hee hath beene fed with meate of Angels, falls afterward to delight in Swines meate: sensuall desires shall not captivate my reason to the sovereignty of *Sence*: I resolve so to live, that dying I may live; for this life as it is a death, so death to the good is an advantage of life.

True it is, which *Democritus* saith: *Truth* lyeth hid in certaine deepe mines or caves; yet being daughter to time, shee will bee at last discovered, after shee hath beene so long depressed: never, never; *Truth* loves to bee retyred from the world, because shee sees that her favourites bee few in the world

world; and rather will shee live a stale virgin, than bestow her selfe on *such* as will but make a *stale* of her.

Mans life is a Globe of examples, a shadow of imitation, where the latter day is ever scholler to the former: I wish no further knowledge than to bee a perfect Scholler in *Christ-crosse row*; for there (as in a mirrour) shall I behold Gods mercy, mans misery; his misery in falling, Gods mercy in raising; matter of thanksgiving in man to God, argument of affection in God to man.

Long is it since I purposed my conversion; but yet a *little* and then a *little*, makes to morrow as far from conversion as was yesterday: I

collect hence, how power-
 fullst *resolves* produce oft-
 times the poorest effects :
 henceforth therefore I in-
 tend, not to put off till to-
 morrow by idling to day,
 lest I never live to repent on
 to morrow, being call'd on
 to day.

I have runne a great part
 of my *race*, and am outstrip-
 ped by all in the course of
 vertue; what remaines, but
 that I should now strip my
 selfe of this heavy garment,
 with which I am over-loa-
 ded, that I may put on the
 heavenly garment, with
 which *those* happy runners
 (the Saints) are adorned ?

Hee that failes in his
 course, cannot obtaine the
 goale.

goale; and soone breathlesse
am I, unlesse the Lord infuse
his divine breath in mee: I
will therefore runne and
pray; ~~runne~~ that I may ob-
taine, ~~pray~~ that I cease not to
runne till I obtaine.

I have found how soone af-
fliction alters the counte-
nance of adulterate friend-
ship; I have a little taste of it,
and experience bids mee
make this use of it: *Though
one Swallow make no summer,
yet one mans summer makes
many Swallows*: I will seeke
therefore to gaine friends
after *time*, since most of these
worldly friends are but ob-
servers of *time*.

Pitty it is, I heare some
say, such a brave spirit should

K 4. want;

want; but what a wittall was
hee, that through his owne
 folly should enforce his own
 want with others pittie? *En-
 vy* is better than *pittie*, in e-
 state, not in honour: for the
 decrease of honour, as *shee*
 is envied before *her* fall,
 yeelds argument of pittie, so
 is *shee* oft-times restored
 by being generally pittied;
 where estate, as *shee* was an
 object of envy, so piteously
 complaining *shee* remains
 the same, *poore*, without al-
 tering.

I will not, like another
Herodicus, doe nothing all
 my life long, but intend my
 health; for why should I
 bestow more care on the
case, than on the *Instrument*
 within the *case*, on the bo-
 dy,

dy, than the soule? No, I will reserve that moderate care for the health of my body, that like a good instrument, it may ever yeeld cheerefull musicke to the eare of my soule: so shall my soule by the ministry of my body, conforme her selfe in obedience to *him*, that made the soule to enlighten the body.

It is strange to know what an impression of love, absence breeds in the Lover; I wish the like effect in the absence of my soule from her Creator: *shee* is here divided by the vaile of her flesh, may *shee* be more firmly united to him in spirit; *shee* is here a prisoner, may her desires pierce through these

wallsofearth, and expresse
 their fervency to the God of
 heaven: *shee* is here a pil-
 grim, may her skrip bee hu-
 mility, her weed sanctity,
 her staffe charity, and her
 food the nourishing milke
 of the word: *shee* is an exile,
 may shee hasten to her na-
 tive countrey, cheerefully
 leaving this vale of misery:
shee is an Orphan, may shee
 addresse her-selfe thither,
 where raignes the Wid-
 dowses judge, and Orphans
 father. *Abide here (O my soule)*
let this bee thy retreat; cheere
thy spirit (O my soule) with this
eternall receit; he it is that from
perils past hath preserved thee,
in perils present hath armed
thee, against perils to come hath
fore-warned thee. Hec it is in-
uite; thee fore-flowing, expect
thee

thee opposing, recalls thee straying, and embraces thee returning. Hee it is that protects thee resting, assists thee labouring, exhorts thee fighting, and crownes thee vanquishing: fore-
slow not therefore since hee invites thee, oppose him not, since hee expects thee, stray no farther since hee recalls thee, but returne with speed, that hee may embrace thee. Rest thou maist with joy, being so protected, labour in hope being so assisted, fight with courage being so excited, and vanquish with comfort, being to be crowned.

Wee must passe through a wilderness to Canaan; this wilderness is the wide world: O may my soule never murmur, though hunger should annoy her, thirst afflict her, all perturbations in-
close

close her : yea, let her rather say with *Iob*; *I beleeve that my Redeemer liveth, and that with these eyes I shall see him*: happy eyes, that are made contemplators of such exceeding glory; O may my eyes grow dimme with weeping, to be afterwards partakers of so glorious a vision!

I resolve now to bid farewell to the world, before I leave it, that being in it, I may not bee of it: there is no affinity betweene the citizens of *Mammon* and *Syon*, I will fall by a loathing of the *one*, to an unfained loving of the *other*, that in contempt of this world, I may make my account more free in the world to come.

I will make the worlds
folly

• folly my chiefeſt policy ;
ſoule-wiſe without deſire of
ſole-wiſe or *ſeſe-wiſe* : may
humility henceforth con-
duct mee ; for conceit of
knowledge through an opi-
nionare arrogance, hath
made mee (many times) glo-
ry in my owne ignorance.

I had rather bee impriso-
ned in the *ſleſh*, than by the
ſleſh; for ſo I bee freed in
minde, I little care though I
bee imprisoined in body :
ſince reſtraint of the *one*, en-
largeth the Liberty of the *o-
ther*; whether therefore at
freedome or reſtrained, I re-
ſolve ſo to live, that my con-
ſcience may be a Teſtimony
how I have lived; ma-
king in Priſon better uſe
of my *Grate*, than the
Curtezan of her *Glaſſe* :
for

for there will I note the blemishes of my soule, while *shee* the spots and moles in her face; there shall I learne how to *live*, how to *die* for my Creator; while *shee* how to *love*, how to *dye* her colour different, from what was given her by her *Maker*.

Hee that seekes to prevent that which cannot bee avoyded, flies into *Adams* Grove to sconce himselfe from Gods judgement: I finde this approved, when I labour to be exempted from the stroke of *Death*, which can by no meanes be prevented, whose *doome* as it is certaine, so is his *date* uncertaine; knocke hee will, but at what time I know not: I will therfore so set all things
in

order before hee come, that hee may finde mee provided when hee comes. I would be loath to be taken napping; I will therefore so addresse my selfe every houre, that I may cheerefully imbrace *death* in my last houre; receiving him not with feare, as a guest that will bee of necessity harboured, but with a friendly welcome, as one, by whom I shall bee to a secure harbour conducted. Death, as hee is importunate, so is hee imminent; fearefull to the *rich*, but cheerefull to the *poore*: for affliction breeds a loathing in living, an accomplished content in dying; knowing that there is an end of misery apportioned by *Death*, which was not granted to man during life.

I wish so to live, that my life may bee an argument that I did live; sith life without employment (the essence of mans life) hath more affinity with death than life.

As my God is *Alpha* and *Omega*, being my *Alpha* begun in the kingdome of *grace*, so hee will bee my *Omega*, accomplished in the kingdome of *glory*: the last day of my living, the first day of my raigning; the houre of my bodies descension into earth, the houre of my soules ascension into heaven.

FINIS.

The heavenly Exercise of the *five Sences*, couched in a divine Poëm.

Let eye, eare, touch, taste, smell, let every *Sence*,
Employ it selfe to praise his providence,
Who gave an eye to see; but why was't given?
To guide our feet on earth, our soules to heaven,
An Eare to heare; but what? no jest o' th' time,
Vaine or prophane, but melody divine,
A touch to feele; but what? griefes of our brother,
And t'have a fellow-feeling one of other,
A taste to relish; what? mans soveraigne blisse,
"Come taste and see the Lord, how sweet hee is!
A smell to breath; and what? flowers that afford
All choyce content, the odours of his Word,
"If our *five Sences thus employed bee,
"Wee may our Saviour smell, taste, touch, heare, see,

* Alluding to that sacred-secret mysterie of his five wounds,
curing and crowning our five Sences.

Vpon his Resolves.

May I resolve, so my resolves expresse,
That th' world may see I am what I professe.
May Earth bee my left care, my heart on him,
Whose Crosse's my Crowne, whose Sonne did salve my
(sinnes)



THE
AUTHORS
OPINION OF
MARRIAGE.

Delivered in a satisfying Character to his friend; upon his then happy solemniz'd Spoufals with his deare PANARTE.

 I R, as I am no *Timon*, so am I no marriage-affecting Libertine : I will labour therefore to satisfy your demands exactly, making experience my directresse,

restresse, whose late familiar-
 ity hath instructed mee in
 this positive Doctrine. As it
 repenteth mee not to know
 it now, so it little repenteth
 mee not to have knowne it
 before now: for as the pre-
 sent estate addes to my con-
 tēt, so my former want (per-
 haps) kept mee from discon-
 tent: I perceive no such thing
 as bondage in *marriage*, only
 a restraint from Batchelor-
 sensuality, which merits not
 the name of servitude, but li-
 berty. Vpon consideration
 had of two estates, I account
marriage concurring nearer
 with perfection, and I
 ground my opinion upon no
 worse probability, than the
 Arithmeticians *maxime*,
 Numbers have their begin-
 ning, but not perfection
 from

from *unities*; yet exclude I not these two individually united, from that incomparable effect of marriage *unity*. Content I finde more accomplished where mindes are conforing; for singlenesse includes rather the condition of an Anchorite, than of one affecting society: *This* better for procreation, *That* for contemplation. There is no felicity (if earth may bee said to enjoy it) like a fellow-helper, and no fellow-helper equall to a faithfull bosome friend: I am neither for committing secrets nor concealing them, till I find an aptnesse to conceale, or faith to reserve. I find *Mysogenes* opinion grosse and erroneous, touching the secrecy of a womā, a faithfull wife

wife cannot chuse but bee a good Secretary. *Shee* makes her husbands reputation her principall subiect, and chuseth rather to die, than it should die. Her acquaintance is not popular, nor craves shee rather to bee seene what shee weares, than to bee knowne what shee is. Vertue is her best habit, and her garnish is beholden more to Nature than Art: shee affects no colours, doing well without pretence of glory, affecting what is good without desire of applause. I have been in a strange error, & it much repents mee of it, where imagination suggested to mee, wedlock could not be without some aspersions of lust; for I perceive the sanctity
and

and purity of the *rite*, adds more to content than the outward delight; it relisheth more of the Spirit than the flesh; hee that feeles another effect in *marriage*, hee is more brutish than reasonable. The best purchase is a good wife, and the worst is her contrary: I have commended *Arminius* opinion, and have long embraced it, whose conceit was so much removed from the affection of *marriage*, as hee censured *him* dead to earths-comforts, that tooke himselfe to any other bed-fellow, than his owne minde to converse with; but I exclaime now upon that heresie: I finde my minde strengthened by conference, and that proceeds with best grace and con-

consonance from a faithfull mate: I will not trust her with my body, whom I dare not make partner of my minde; and though the excellency of the one, surpasse the frailty of the other, yet wil I not commend the one, where I dare not commit the other. For frailtie, of Sexes, I conceive how apt man is to iudge sinisterly of the weaker vessell, and I impute it either to a want of Braines, in that they cannot dive into the excellency of so pure and exquisite a composition, or some hard happe they have had in making choice of such infirme creatures. I have found *one*, though weake by condition, yet firme in her affection; making her resolves so undoubtedly

undoubtedly approved by
him shee loves, as shee hath
vowed to engrosse her love
to none save *him* shee onely
loves: her content is so set-
tled, as shee scornes to have
it divided, for shee knowes
that *a heart divided cannot
live.* Shee professeth her
selfe to bee, not where shee
lives, but where shee loves,
and the *Adament* which
drawes her to affection, is
the perswaded ground shee
enterraines of her husbands
disposition, which is too
choicet to bee popular, and
too relenting not to bee
wonne; as meere protestati-
ons were not of force to
winne her, so flattery was
too palpable a suter to woo
her. *Content is worth a king-
dome, and my kingdome is my*

*owne family, where I make every
 day my account, casting up in the
 evening what I did in the day: I
 thinke my day well bestow-
 ed, if employed in the ser-
 vice of my Creator, and my
 conclusion is this: I will bee
 none of that family, which is
 not carefull of promoting Gods
 glory. Marriage-melody should
 have no concurrence with
 divisions; though Musick be
 graced by it, Marriage distasts
 it: I have wondred how two
 distinct bodies can bee so
 inseparably united, and I
 perceive the strange and (in-
 deed) unsearchable effects of
 marriage, which consists not
 so much in the joyning
 hands, as hearts. There is a
 sympathy equally working,
 equally moving in the par-
 ties loving; nor is it beauty,
 or*

or any externall motive so much enchaineth, as a sacred secret infusion, conceived by an holy and heavenly influence, induceth. I have heard, how that, *When the Hawthorne springs, and the Cuckow sings, Actæons head with Hornets rings*: it is true indeed, *iealousie* is such a self-consuming Vermin, as it never rests day nor night, from feeding her suspicious head with fruitlesse and frivolous doubts; but I would not have *one* subject to this miserable phrensie, betake himselfe to such fuell of *Ielousie* as a woman: for my part, as I was never capable of such vaine suspect, so conclude I ever, I had rather bee one and thinke mee none, than bee none and thinke mee one,

*Lycosthen.
in Apophth.*

*Homer in
Telemach.
in Odyss.*

contenting my selfe with a
generall fate, rather than in-
curre disquiet by my owne
default: which that glory of
Greece, the ever-living Ho-
mer seemes wittily to glance
at in the person of Tele-
machus:

*Babe saith my Dade, but hee may
say amisse,
For ought that I know, I am
none of his;
Yet I reply with Dade, but that's
all one,
I may mistake my Syre, and hee
his Sonne.*

There is no order so anci-
ent, nor more maligned:
honour hath many times
correspondence with her,
and forraigne Merchants may
bee confident, their Pinnace
is entitled to many Factors;

Stratto

Stratta Julia had never more Brothels in her, then shee hath clamorous Suiters attending on her: yet what cannot resolved patience beare? my *Advice* is to him, whose suspicion hath already pronounced him hornemadd, to make use of *Ithacus* counsell to *Andromache*, in behalfe of her tender infant *Astyanax*. Conceale him, that's the best meanes to save him. Oft-times iealousie publisheth mans shame more than the occasion of his shame. A wise man will rather conceive and conceale, then disclose his conceit to others report: the best of reputation is grounded on opinion free from Suspition; and hee is an egregious *Wittall*, that loves to watch opportunity

to adde to his discontent: my eyes are no such Sennalls: charity bids mee judge the best, and I will rather expound my *wives* secret parly, some instructiōs of huswifery, thā motives of perverted Liberty; I have sometimes wondred at the folly of *Hans Carniles* dreame, applying to my selfe the use, that I might better avoyde the end; where every faigned and imaginarie conceit argues an *Apparancy* of Act, but I doubt not such Bugbeares; they are terrours to Suspicious heads, Scarcrowes to addle Braines: Beauty shall never bee such an Idoll as to enforce my *Adoration*, or so bewitching a *Hagge*, as to enthrall mee to *Suspition*; As a safe conscience is a perpetuall

all friend to sticke neare us,
a continuall feast to cheere
us, and a Brazen-wall to
shield us: so is a faithfull *Bo-*
some-friend the Loving'st
companion, the dearest mi-
nion, and the individuall it
Vnion; a Companion to re-
fresh us, a Minion to delight
us, and such an Vnion as will
inseparably joyne us. I little
weigh the *Woman-haters* of
our Age, whose subject is e-
ver in dispraise of women;
they shew the unworthi-
nesse of their Nature, in Sa-
tyrizing upon the weaker.
As *chastity* is rare, and incom-
parable, *Marriage-state* hath
beene ever deemed *honoura-*
ble. Hee that will not *marry*,
and will not withdraw his
eyes from vanity, let him
burne; Such objects are ei-

ther Subjects of love or lust;
if of Love, then happy is the
Lover; if of Lust, miserable is
the beholder. I remember
that noble *Matrons* Motto,
Where thou art Caius, I am
Cais: and I make no questi-
on of the like choyce. I have
read of divers women, who,
as they were delightfull to
their Husbands in bed and
boord, so added they delight
to the labouring Inventions
of their braine. Such a one
enjoyed *Cato* in his *Portia*,
Seneca in his *Paulina*, *Marc.*
Antony in his *Octavia*: yea,
the best labours have beene
illustrated, if not originally
composed by *married wo-*
men; witnesse those divine
Poems reduced to Centons
by *Theodosia*, daughter to the
Emperour *Theodosius*, the
royall

royall compositions of *Lu-
cane*, the sententious mea-
sures of *Ennius*, the tragicke
odes of *Aristobulus*, which La-
bours (though they retaine
the name of these Authors)
were revised and refined by
Women.

I perceive the wisest may
erre, and *Salomon* himselfe
may faile in his judgement,
making this Interrogation,
*But as for a good woman, where
is shee to bee found?* but his
question imported rather a
difficulty than an *Impossibility*:
which hee had some cause
to speake, seeing women
were the cause of his Idola-
try. A good man must of ne-
cessity make his wife of like
quality: *Shee* is casten in his
mould, let him blame him-
selfe then, if *shee* bee not
good.

good. Beauty is one of the least motives to fancy; who more admires a smooth skinne, than a sound minde, may gaine content in his wives *prime*, but shall loose it in her *age*: I care not how *poore* her outside bee, so her inside bee *pure*. I never set my affection on *Marriage* to strengthen mee with friendship; my ayme was the *woman*, and the grounds of my love were her mindes endowments: I sought not in her what the Gallant seeks in his, a minc'd speech, a ginger pace, or a drawing eye; I found her speech able to deliver her meaning, her pace quicke enough in her employing, and her eye too modest to love gadding. A good wife is the best portion;

on; nor consists this her goodnesse onely in proportion: shee that is onely outward faire, deserves more to bee leathed than loved, despised than pleased: A Case beautifies the instrument, but adds nothing to her accent; and goodnesse is more continue than beauty. I could never approve of that *shape*, w^{ch} derives her beauty from the *shop*; there is an innate decency that better becomes us, and above all comparison doth better grace us. It is not toys, ryes, dressings, but a personall comelineesse addes honour to our clothing. I have much admired mans folly, whose commendations onely extend to what they *wear*, not what they *are*. I will never
tye

tye my selfe to such imper-
 tinences, nor can with
 judgment esteeme the *rinde*
 for comely, where the *pith*
 relisbeth corruptly: It is not
 worth our praise, to say, *such*
as we see faire, that is no qua-
 lity, but an adjunct; give mee
 one good, I much weigh not
 any other attribute, for *Good*
is a better attribute than Faire.
 As I have chosen, so I repent
 me not of my choice: I have
 planted my resolution thus,
 nor hope I to alter it: The
~~*strange woman*~~ shall not allure
 mee, nor the Courts-idol, a
 painted face inveigle mee; I
 am now for ~~one~~, and that one
 is ~~all~~ since thinkes *Marriage*
 as it is a type betwixt Christ
 and his Church, the state
 politick and her head, so it
 is a nearer combining of the
 body

body to the soule: The Soule hath promised for the body, that shee shall not make her selfe *a Cage of un- cleane birds*, not prostitute her selfe to many; and the Body hath so tied her by plighting her faith by her hand, that shee will inviolably performe what her Soule hath promised,

Sr, God send you ioy.

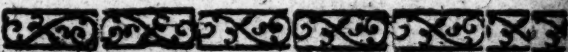
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2. 2-10-1918

THE
DISTINCT TITLES
OF THESE
CONTEMPLATIONS.

1. *The Soules Sole-Love.*
2. *The Wounded Heart.*
3. *The New Dresse.*

WITH
LOVES LEGACY,
OR
PANARETES Blessing
to her Children.

-
1. *The Buriall of the Old man.*
 2. *PHILARETVS his Instructions to
his Sonne.*
 3. *Of loose Love:
with
Loves choice.*
- 

THE [illegible] OF [illegible]

BY [illegible]

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Contemplations
OF
PANARETE;

Addressed as a *Votive*
Mannall, to her living
memory.

*"While beere thy Contemplations
are approv'd,*

*"Thou Contemplatest Him whom
beere thou lov'd.*

The Soules Sole-Love.

CONTEMPLATION I.



Hou hast, my
deare Soule, en-
gag'd thy faith:
Thou hast be-
ken thy selfe to thine hea-
venly Spouse. A divided
Heart

Contempl. I.

Heart cannot live; how shouldst thou live without thy *Sole-love*? Adulterate Colours cannot hold; nor adulterine affections retain their colour. *Iezabels* feature was more beholden to *Art* than *Nature*. Such is the complexion of that *love*, which makes *lust* her *lure*: vaine is such a tincture, that makes a servile desire her applyer. Maiden honour consists not in formality: There is ever something more reall in it. Flourishes are but painted blossomes: they may worke upon the outward *sense*, they cannot captivate the *Reason*. The inward beauty is of more extent than any outward varnish. Thou hast reason, O my Soule, to preserve that, which

which solely makes thee
 gracefull to thy Spouse.
 Conceipt nothing seemely,
 but what may beseeme him
 that made thee. Thou art
 not made for a slavish fancy;
 thou hast one *sole love*: to
 cleave to another, were a
 frenzy. Affection is no *Ten-*
nix-Ball, for struck into ano-
 thers hazard, it is lost. One
 Sunne cannot shine in two
 spheares; nor one spheare
 containe two Sunnes. The
 Sunne of Righteousnesse is
 the Spheare of my Soule:
 thee is a *Planet*, when shee
 shines elsewhere. Graces
 are divine beamelins, the *in-*
ward house is darke without
 them: and these shine most,
 when least interpoled with
 any earthly clouds. What is
 it (O my Soule) to sparkle
 like

c. viii. pl. i.

like a *Glo-worme* by night, or
 like *rotten wood* to send forth
 a deceiving splendor? What
 is it, with a glosse of dissem-
 bled purity to take the eyes
 or eares of erring judgmēt?
 Thou hast within thee to
 witnesse for thee, or con-
 demne thee. Then, even
 then, my soule, when the
 great Booke shall bee ope-
 ned, the secreter Cabinet of
 thy retyredst thoughts un-
 locked, & no subterfuge for
 guilt admitted: thou shalt
 finde that *good workes* must
 passe for *ill*, being not done
well. The *intention* then must
 crowne the *action*. Almes
 with a Trumpet, Fasting
 with a dejected counte-
 nance, Praying and Tithing
 with a *Pharisaicall* affiance,
 must have no acceptance.
 Bee

Contempl.

Bee thy discipline never so
severe, if it bee not sincere,
it receives no reward. Ho-
nour must not bee thine
harbour, if devour intenti-
ons Crowne not thy labour.
Reflect on thy sweet Spouse
and meditate of his Pilgri-
mage on earth. Hee offered
his childhood to a Cratch,
his youth to Gare, his
Manhood to the Crosse. Hee
entred the world naked, Hee
lived in it despised, and went
from it with sorrowes bur-
dened. There was nothing
so grievous, which was not
with patience suffered by
him, to make thee gracious
in His sight who sent him.
Shall a little Cloud then
change thy count'nance?
Shall a minutes distaste
amare thee, or make thee
forgetfull

Contempl. 2.

forgetful of his sufferings,
 who subjected himselfe to
 death for thee? Who ever
 enjoyed a sweeter Spouse?
 Hee confirm'd his love with
 the losse of his life; and shall
 every small crosse in this
 life divide thee from his
 love? *Behold and see* (saith
 thy dispassionate Spouse) *if*
there were ever Sorrow like to
my Sorrow! No, my Sole-Love,
 needs must thy Sorrow bee
 great, when with the offer-
 ring up of thine owne preci-
 ous life, thou could'st hard-
 ly gaine any love. The *Rocks*
 were dissolved, the *Temple*
 divided, the *Graves* opened,
 the *Heavens* darkened, all the
Elements suffered; yet *Man*, for
 whom thou became *Man*, &
 dyed, became most hardned.
 Lost wert thou, O my Soule,
 and

and eternally lost, and to re-gaine thee, He lost his owne life : Such were those Adamantine eyes of his immutable love. Many sheepe hee had, and those hee left, to seeke thee lost : so plentifully did those roseate Torrents of his sacred compassion flow, to wash away those crimson-dyed sinnes, which had left that dying tincture in thy wounded Soule. How often hath hee sought to *gather* thee, and thou wouldest not ? To *espouse* thee to himselfe, and thou assented not ? to bring thee to his *Marriage-feast*, and thou attended not ? Meane time, when thou sawest a *Theefe*, thou runne with him, and with the *Adulterer* divided thy portion;
both

contempl.

both which with the *cords of*
iniquity drew thee head-
 long to perdition. Concei-
 vest thou yet no compas-
 sion of thine unhappy con-
 dition? Shall not one poore
 teare witnesse thy contri-
 tion? Wilt thou become
 of thy wounds so altogether
 unsensible, as by thy want of
 sense to make them uncura-
 ble? Runne to the *Rocke*
 and quench thy thirst with
 those *living streames* which
 flow from it. Apply thy
mouth to the *hole* of the *Pipe*,
 that thou maist bee refre-
 shed. Begge of *Him* water,
 who shed for thee water and
 blood. Dry eyes will not
 bring thee to heaven. Sinne
 is of such a deepe staine, as
 true penitential teares are of
 only force to take away that
 dye.

Contempl. 1.

dye. Thou seest the Turtle
how shee mourneth for the
losse of her Mate. The Desert
becomes her Recluse; con-
fort shee will not with any,
fearing to forget the occasi-
on of her misery. Brouze
shee will not, nor rest nor
roust on any greene branch.
Grieves are her inseparable
Companions; other Con-
sorts shee admits not, be-
cause they suite not with
her condition. Contemplate
these, O my soule, and re-
flect upon thy selfe. Let
thine eyes bee estrang'd
from sleepe. Let sighs and
groanes bee thy food. Wa-
ter thy Couch with incessant
rivers of reares. Great sinnes
require great sighes; peril-
lous soares, precious Salves.
Consider, poore Soule,
M where

Contempl. I.

where thou art placed; with what innumerable dangers inclosed; againe, how those which were given thee for defense, are most ready to betray thee to thine enemy. Again, reflect upon the benignity of thy good G O D; who, if hee had beene as ready to punish thee for thy sinne, as thou hast beene to commit sinne, had long since drenched thee downe into that bottomlesse pit of eternall bitterness. Death had beene thy due; and Hell thy Portion. And canst thou now looke upon thy selfe without loathing; or consider thy wofull estate without trembling? Was ever any one more bound to his Maker, and lesse thankesfull? More watered with the
sweet

Contempl. i.

sweet influence of his grace;
and lesse fruitfull? In no
place couldst thou promise
to thy selfe peace; within
feares, without *fights*. Yet
have the wings of the Al-
mightie beene so graciously
spread over thee; as neither
feare could oppresse thee at
home, nor fury surprize thee
abroad. And this was His
worke, who hath so con-
stantly loved thee, as Hee
would never leave thee. For
whensoever thou wandred,
hee called thee: when igno-
rant, hee taught thee: when
thou sinned, hee corrected
thee: when sad, hee com-
forted thee: when despe-
rate, hee supported thee:
when false, hee raised thee:
when standing, hee held
thee: when, walking hee

Contempl. I.

guided thee: when returning
hee received thee : when
sleeping, hee kept thee :
when crying, hee heard thee.
What wilt thou render then,
O my Soule, to *Him*, who
hath done such wonderfull
things for thee ? Wilt thou
stay in the Marketplace
idling ? Wilt thou addresse
thy selfe to no employment
in thy calling ? Is it enough
for thee to retaine the stile
of a Christian, and presu-
ming upon that stile to cor-
rupt the state of a Christian ?
Wilt thou make thy whole
life a Holy-day; and by thy
prophane conversation close
it up with a fearefull day ?
Wilt thou not yet after so
many sweet invitations, to
allure thee ? So many sharpe
comminations, to deterre
thee ?

thee? Such gentle touches
on thy right hand and on
thy left; breake these *bonds*
of thy *Transgressions*, and re-
turne to that over-flowing
fountaine of divine compa-
ssions? It is fearefull, thou
know'it, to fall into the
hands of the Lord. For who
is hee in all the world, so
just, that hee may with con-
fidence presume to be saved,
if Gods mercy (the sole
Salve of humane misery) bee
from him removed? Yea,
know, O my Sou'e, that thy
justice consists in Gods *indul-*
gence, who hath an *Eare* open
for thee, if thou cry unto
him; an *arme* to embrace
thee, if thou flie unto him;
an *heart* to receive thee, if
thou returne unto him; an
hand to succour thee, if thou

Contempl. I.

come to him; a wing to cover thee, if thou cleave to him. And wilt thou still feed on the huskes of vanity, and despise those delicious cares of eternity? Shall one poore moment of vading pleasure deprive thee of those joyes which last for ever? By enjoying thy spouse, thou enjoyest all things: his presence will bee *meat* to thee *hungering*; *drinke* to thee *thirsting*; *health* to thee *languishing*; *way* to thee *wandering*; *light* to thee *erring*; *life* to thee *dying*. Bee hee then to thee all things, seeing without him all things are nothing. All things are vanity, save onely to please GOD and serve him: And such a Service is a Christian Solace; without which, as all things are

Contempler.

are vanity, so man of all others, the lightest vanity: How canst thou then bee at peace without him, since he onely in the *bond of peace* unites all that are espous'd unto him? If man love man with such affection, as the one scarce suffers the other to bee absent: if a Spouse to her Spouse bee joyned with such an ardour of minde, as through the excelle of her love shee can take no rest, brooking the absence of her beloved, not without great sorrow; then with what affection, with what desire, with what fervorous devotion oughtst thou, O my Soule, whom thy best Spouse hath espoused to himselfe in faith and mercy, to love *Him* thy true God,

Contempl.

and most beautifull Spoule,
who hath so loved and saved
thee; who hath done so ma-
ny, so great and exceeding
things for thee? Why stay-
est thou (O my Soule?)
findest thou ought here
worthy of thy Love? Wilt
thou ever to thy baine,
bee nibbling at the baite of
vanity? Hast thou not found
much bitternesse in these
deceiving shaddowes of hu-
mane happinesse? Have not
thy delights been most cros-
sed, wherein they look't to
be most cheered? Yea, when
thou enjoyed thy delights
to be full, had they not ever
bitternesse in their farewell?
Take a short Survey of the
dayes of thy vanity, and see
what day in all thy Pilgri-
mage hath beene so propi-
tious,

tious, as it was not encounter'd with some discontents! Hath not a merry Evening made an heavy Morning? Nor a glad going out, a sad returning? Didst heare no report of a private foe; nor no death of a constant friend? Were thy affaires so well carried, as nothing miscarried? And admit all this; how long did this Calme continue? Had this forward Spring no nip? If not, then so much more unhappy, in being ever so seeming happy. The Saints and the Servants of G.O.D doe in this world more feare prosperity than adversity: for that the height of prosperitie is in danger more to presse them, than the weight of adversity to depresse them.

These

C. 1. 1.

These through many tribulations passed; and passing profited; and profiting prevailed; and prevailing were victoriously crowned. If the Devill bee dead, then are persecutions dead: but so long as our Adversary lives, canst thou thinke that hee will not suggest to thee tentations? The enemy ceaseth not, dyeth not, but in the Resurrection of the dead. Short is the fight, but great is the victory. Learne then from that vessel of Election, to rejoyce in hope of the glory of God. And not onely so, but to glory in tribulations also, knowing that tribulation worketh patience: and Patience experience: and experience hope: and hope maketh not ashamed, because the love of God is shed abroad

Rom 5.

Breast in our hearts, by the Holy
 Ghost, which is given unto us.
 O divine gradation! O gra-
 tious consolation! If thine
 heart then bee right, O my
 Soule, whatsoever shall be-
 fall thee, thou wilt rejoyce
 in it for his sake who sent it
 thee; and conclude with that
 Patterne of Patience: The
 Lord gave, and the Lord hath
 taken away, blessed bee the Name
 of the Lord. Pitch upon this
 resolve, O my Soule, and thy
 sweet Spouse will stay thee with
 fragance, comfort thee with apples.
 Nothing shall separate thee
 from the love of Christ. Neither
 tribulation, nor distresse, nor
 persecution, nor famine, nor as-
 ketnesse, nor perill, nor sword.
 For whoso is in that will have me
 also. If thou beest a follower of that
 which is good. Beake thy selfe
 then

Cant. 1. 4.

Iob. 1.

Cant. 2.

Rom. 8.

2. Cor. 1.

1 Pet. 3.

Contempl. 1.

then to thy Beloved Spouse,
 and hee will give thee thine
 hearts desire. None can take
 thee forth of his hand, nor
 divide thee from his heart.
 The delights and riches of
 an heaven-ravish'd Spirit,
 are divine Songs, where
 teares are not without joy,
 nor sighs without comfort.
 Now, my good Iesa, if it bee
 so sweet to weepe for thee,
 how sweet will it bee to ra-
 ioyce with thee? Whatsoever
 then I shall feele, by the pre-
 sence and assistance of thy
 grace, I will not faile to give
 thee thanks in my suffer-
 ing, equally as in my joy-
 cing: For I reckon that the
 sufferings of this present time,
 are not worthy to bee compared
 with the glory which shall bee re-
 vealed in us. To confirme this
 resolve,

Rom. 8.

Contempl. 1.

resolve, and inflame thy de-
 fires, retaine the memory of
 his presence ever with thee,
 who gave himsele for thee.
 Let thy *Conuersation* bee in
heaven, during this thy Pil-
 grim-reside on *Earth*. So de-
 light thee in him, as no de-
 light may take thee frō him.
 Then maist thou freely say,
My beloved is mine, & I am his:
Hee feedeth among the Lillies:
 among the *Lillies* of Chasti-
 ty, borders of Sanctity: Fol-
 low thy *Love* with chaste
 thoughts, and thou shalt *live*
 with him in glory.

Cant. 2.

The

The Wounded Heart.

CONTEMPLATION II.



Hall the Heart
long after the
water brookes,
when hee is
with thirst an-
noyed? or flie to the Herbe
to cure him, when hee is
wounded? And shall my
thirsty Heart (the princely
seat of my minde) never flie
to those living streames of
ever-flowing waters? Sicke
thee is, and heart-sicke, and
will thee never repaire to
her best Physician: in whose
heart is a fatherly care, and in
whose hand a speedy cure?

Will

Will shee never taste of that
Herbe of Grace, to ease her
 griefes, cure her wounds,
 and restore her decayed Spi-
 rits? Whence is it, O my be-
 nummed heart, that thou art
 become so insensible of
 thine own misery, as thus to
 make thy wounds uncurable
 through thy security? Why
 dost thou not crie out in
 the bitternesse of thy Soule,
 with that afflicted Patient,
 and memorable Mirrour of
 patience: *Wherefore is light*
given to him that is in misery,
and life to the bitter in Soule?
 For thus by meditating of
 griefes, thou wouldst sooner
 labour for reliefe, and reason-
 ably partake of comfort af-
 ter thy long affliction: For
 who can search into the
 Source of thy Sorrowes, or
 know

Iob 3.

Contempl. 1.

Pro 14.

1 Cor. 1.

know the depth of thy griefes or joyes, unlesse thy selfe discover them? *The Heart knoweth his owne bitterness: and a stranger doth not intermeddle with his ioy.* The way to cure thy wounds, is to open them; The way to ease thy Heart, is to discover the sorrowes of it. Shouldst thou with that Sacred and Elect vessell, bee pressed (and happy thou if so afflicted) *(out of measure, above strength, in so much as thou shouldest despair of life)* call but upon the Lord, and hee will deliver thee. For hee, and onely hee can heale the broken Spirit; comfort the contrite Soule; and make the bones which hee hath broken to reioyce. For hee it is, who is the hope of the desperate, the comfort of the

the

Contempl. 2.

the *desolate*. Weepe hee cannot, who is so solaced; faile hee shall not, who is so succoured. Apply thy selfe then to him (O my *wounded heart*) and repose thee in his *wounds*, for they are full of compassion; relie on his *promises*, for they sound nothing but consolation. Shouldst thou (O my languishing *heart*) bee driven to that extremity, as thou could finde no comfort within thee; no hope of reliefe without thee; nothing but clouds of heavinessse to encompasse thee; none but *Iobs* Messengers to encounter thee: Shouldst thou rore forth in the bitterness of thy soule: *How long wilt thou not depart from mee?* (how long wilt thou thus afflict me?) *nor let mee alone till I*

Iob 7.

sallow

Contempl. 2.

Habac. 3.

swallow downe my spittle? Yea,
 should thy belly tremble: thy
 lips quiver at his voyce: should
 rottennesse enter into thy bones,
 and thy strength faile: yet
 would the hand of the Al-
 mighty, be by disclaiming
 thine owne power, and fly-
 ing to his mercy, so support
 thee, as thou shouldest not
 fall. But thou art wounded, O
 mine heart, and oh I wish
 that thou wert sensibly
 wounded! Meane time, let
 the desires of thy roaring in-
 tials beate at the gate of his
 Compassions. Let the cries
 of the teares of thine eyes,
 powred forth with fervor of
 affection, pierce the clouds,
 and feale to thy numerous
 sins a gracious remission. O
 that thou wert so pure, that
 thy deare and loving Spouse
 would

would say unto thee : *Thou
hast ravished my heart, my Si-
ster, my Spouse : Thou hast ravi-
shed mine heart with one of thine
eyes, with one chaine of thy necke.*
O flie unto him, & thou shalt
finde this Love in him ! Let
the world have no part nor
portion in thee. Hee is jea-
lous of thy love; thou must
love him onely, if thou love
him cruely. A divided Love,
because distracted in her
object, cannot live. Fixt must
thy resolves bee, and those
for eternity, if thou meane
ever to raigne with him
in glory. Shee deserves not a
loving Spouse, that is not
faithfull in her love to her
Spouse. To keepe thy Nup-
tiall bed undefiled, is an ho-
nour; to violate that Faith
thou hast plighted, were
piacular

Contempl. 2.

Cant. 4.

Contempl. 2.

piacular. Two hearts cannot rest in one brest, but two Soules may repose in one heart. Thou hast often vowed to keepe thy selfe to one, and Hee thine onely one: and how soone were those sweet vowes made bitter, when thine eyes, taken with outward Objects, begun to wander? Tell mee (*my wounded heart*) who was ever sick, and knew himselfe so, and desir'd not health? who were wounded, and sought not for a cure? Now, if outward discontents occasion such Care, what should our inward griefes doe, which minister hourly occasions of greater feare? Thou hast long suffered, and desir'd to bee solaced; but thou sought not where comfort

fort was to bee found : and therefore thou found not that which thou sought. The place or repose of an humane or naturall *heart*, consists in the delight of this present life. But no sooner is the *heart* touched with divine aspiration, than the seat of our *heart* becomes the love of eternity, and receipt of heavenly consolation. That *heart* is truly stiled the *friend of truth*, which is a lover and approver of every *right action*; and makes heaven the sole object of her contemplation. The truest *prooffe of love* is the *fruit* of a *good life*. Divine love consists not in *voyce* and *ayre*. Should thy *voyce* sound like a Trumpet, and thy life be silent : all this airy Musicke would

Contempl. 2.

would give but a dead accent. Thy tongue praiseth for an hour; let thy life praise for ever. For, as Divine praise in the mouth of a prophane sinner, can send forth no sweet-smelling savour: and Prayer, the onely precious pearle of a pure soule, returnes without fruit, when hypocrisie seazeth on the heart: and all humane wisdom becomes folly, being not directed to Gods Glory: So, unlesse thou (*O my Wounded Heart*) onely love God for himselfe, thy mixt and divided love can returne no comfort nor profit to thy selfe. It is this divine and purely-refined love, which onely makes a rich and wise Soule. For, without this, *what hath the wise more than the*

Eccles. 6.

the foole? what hath the poore,
 that knoweth to walke before the
 living? Whatsoever is by
 thee (O my languishing
 heart) above all others affe-
 cted, is by thee adored. Pre-
 ferre nothing in the true va-
 lue of love, before him that
 made thee; lest thou make
 an *Idol* of the *Creature*, and so
 dishonour Him, who made
 all inferiour things to serve
 thee. Doe thou his will by
 serving Him, and all his
 Creatures will serve thee
 according to his will. Yea,
 even Hee, who hath com-
 manded the Morning; and cau-
 sed the day-spring to know his
 place; shall shew the light of
 his Countenance upon thee,
 and thy longing Eares shall
 heare that voyce of com-
 fort uttered by thine hea-
 venly

Contempla.

Iob 38.

Contempt. 1.

Cant. 4.

Cant. 2.

Cant. 8.

venly Spouse, the foun-
taine of all comfort: Thou
art all faire my Love, there is
no spot in thee. And in the af-
fiance of his love to whom
thou art espoused, shall thy
wounded Heart, then cured,
returne this answer to thy
Beloved: My beloved is mine
and I am his. His left hand shall
be under my head, and his right
hand shall embrace mee.

The

The New Dresse:

OR,

Motives to a new life.

CONTEMPLATION III.



My Soule, how long wilt thou attirethy selfe in these ragges of Sinne? how long in these Robes of Shames? when thine heavenly Bridegroom comes, Hee will not endure to looke on thee; hee can by no meanes like thee, nor love thee, nor espouse himselfe unto thee, so long as these sullied garments of sinne cover thee. To a cleane

N

Lord

Contempl. 3.

Lord must bee a cleave habitation. A pure Heart must bee his Mansion; purged by Faith, adorned with good workes, inflamed with heavenly thoughts. No *Edging* of vanity, no *purle* of vaine-glory, no *tiefell*-lustre of hypocrisie must set forth thy *Nuptiall garment*; for these would detract from thy Virgin-beauty. Those *Egyptian* laces, and *Babylonian* borders might attract a wandering eye: but purely fixt be the eyes of thy Spouse. Whatsoever is without thee cannot take him: it is thine inward beauty that doth delight him. Let thy affections then bee renewed, thy Virgin-beauty restored, thy decays repaired. Come not in his sight, till thou

thou hast put off those ragges
of *sinne*, and having put them
off, say witht he Spouse in
the *Canticles* : *I have put off my
Coate, how shall I put it on?* Let
thy *New Dresse* bee a *New
heart* : so shall thy Spouse
take delight in thee, with
his sweet armes embrace
thee, and bee enamoured of
thee, when hee lookes on
thee; and in the knowledge
of thy beauty, say thus unto
thee : *Thou art all faire, my
love, there is no spot in thee.*
Cast thine eye all about
thee, O my Soule, but let it
not wander, lest thou loose
thine honour. Take a full
view of the *renuall* of all
Creatures; and reflect upon
thy selfe, who, though So-
veraignesse over all, becomes
least renewed of all. Thou

Contempl. 3.

Cant. 5. 3.

Cant. 4. 7.

conſempl. 3.

ſeeſt the *Hart*, the *Eagle*,
the *Swallow*, how they are
renued; nay, even the *Snake*,
how by caſting his *Slough*, he
is *renued*. Again, thou obſer-
veſt, how *yeares*, *dayes*, *houres*
and *Minutes* are *renued*; how
the *Earth* it ſelfe is *renued*:
Shee is with freſh flowers a-
dorned, with a native ta-
piſtry embroidered, with a
new beauty refreshed.
Meane time, how art thou
renued? Where bee thoſe
freſh fragrant flowers of di-
vine graces, and permanent
beauties, wherewith thou
ſhouldeſt bee adorned? Muſt
all things change for better,
and thou become ever worſe
in the ſight of thy Maker?
None more inconstant than
thou in humouring the fa-
ſhions of our time; none
more

Contempl. 3.

more constant than thou in retaining the fashion of sinne. What canst thou see in thee, that may please thee, or appeare pleasing to Him that made thee? Sinne is a Soile, which blemisheth the beauty of thy Soule. In this then to glory, were the highest pitch of infelicity. Thou art onely to approve that with a discreet Choice, which may make thee most amiable in the sight of thy Spouse. When thou eyeest the vanity of Earth, fixe the eye of thine Heart on the eternity of heaven. Mixe not thy delights in such objects, where surfet or excesse begets a loathing; but in those lasting pleasures, where fruition begets in thee an affectionate longing.

Luke 31:

contempl. 3.

Fashion not thy selfe after this world, where there is nothing that *tempts* but *taints*. Desire rather to bee numerous in *houres* than *yeares*: so dispose of thy time, that time may bring thee to eternity. Ever consider (O my Soule) how thou art heere in a *Wilderness*, and farre removed from the *Canaan* of true happiness. A Captives proper Melody is *Lacryme*: hee cannot raise his voyce to any any other Note, unlesse hee madde himselfe in his misery, and forget his owne State. Vye then in *sighes* with *sins*. Take compassion of thy woefull condition: Bee not commanded by thine Handmaid. Restraine her, lest shee grow imperious; shew

Contemplg.

shew thy selfe a Mistresse,
that shee may become more
obsequious. Shee is worthy
to obey, that knowes not
how to command. Doe not
loose thy Prerogative; Pre-
serve thy *style*, retaine thy
state, and make Her know,
how dangerous it is to in-
curre thine hare. The more
thou bringest her to con-
tempt, the more shalt thou
partake of content: Shouldst
thou delicately feed her, or
in her desires supply her, or
loose thy reines and give li-
berty unto her, shee would
not sticke to deprive thee
of thine honour, and by thy
unworthy subjection be-
come an usurping Comman-
der. To free thee from this
danger, let Devotion bee
thy Succour, so shall the

contempl. 3

Iob 7.2.

Shadow of the Almighty
 bee thy Shelter. - Though
 the *Servant earnestly desire the
 shadow, and the hireling looke
 for the reward of his worke, or
 rather the end of the day, to
 conclude his worke: tarry
 thou the Lords leasure; with
 patience endure the heat of
 the day, the weight of thy
 labour. Though a Pilgrim
 bee wearied, hee must not
 faile nor faint, till his jour-
 ney bee ended: Wherein,
 Hee accompts himselfe so
 much the happier; as hee is
 to his owne native Coun-
 trey nearer. If thou fit and
 furnish thy selfe in all points
 for this journey, thou shalt
 be joyfully received in thine
 arrivall to thy Countrey.
 Runne then to the *Goale*,
 which is set up for thee;
 Strive*

Strive to come to the *marke*,
which is before thee. Let
no impediments foreflow
thee; no delights on Earth
divert thee. Seale up thine
eye, if it wander; but open
it, if it promise to fixe on
thy Saviour. Hourely thy
dissolution is expected; the
Marriage-feast prepared, &
thou invited; let thy gar-
ment bee holinesse, so shall
thine end bee happinesse.

N^o 5

LOVES



LOVES LEGACY:

OR,

PANARETES Blessing
to her Children.



Draw neare
mee, & heare
those last
words which
I must ever
on Earth speake to you.
Sure I am, that the dying
words of a tender Mother,
cannot but fasten deeper,
and retaine a memory lon-
ger; than the Speech of the
movingst Oratour.

Feare God above all things;
it is the *beginning of wisdom*:
and will enrich you above

YOUR

your Portion. You are now
in your Childhoo^d, let that
season you: so shall *His* bles-
sing, who hath blessed mee,
crowne you.

Bee honest in your wayes;
spare in your words; plen-
teous in good workes.

Proportions God hath gi-
ven you; Portions by Gods
Providence, I have left you;
enrich these with the best
portion, the ornament of
vertue.

Specious Features are not
to bee valued to the
precious embellishment of
vertue.

Bee what you seeme to
bee; and seeme what you
ought to bee: I never lov'd
that Countenance, which
could promise much, and
performe nothing.

Ever

Ever reflect on Him that made you: and make devotion, your constant Diary to conduct you.

Bee tender of those you ranke with; either to better them, or to bee better'd by them.

Bee humble to all; Humility is the way to Glory: This it is will make you amiable to the Creature; glorious in the sight of your Creator.

Learn how to obey, that you may know better how to command.

✚ In the consideration of humane felicity, there is nothing becomes more incurable, than what is habituate: when Custome of sinne takes away all sense of sinne.

In.

In *holy Places* is the Devill
ever busiest.

No disease more dangerous
than the Lethargy of
Sinne. This sleepe brings
ever an heavy awake: For
though like a tender Nurse,
Shee sing a sweet Lullabee
to her deluded Childe, it is
ever in worser case, the more
it sleepes; for it dyes in
sinnes-slumber, and peri-
sheth untimely by the in-
chantment of her Mother.

Consider this, my dearest
ones, *Resist the Devill, and hee
will fly from you*: Suffer not
the first motions of sinne to
seaze on you. *Pray continually*,
because you have an Enemy
assayling you incessantly.
The Combat is short, your
Crowne eternall.

In the heat of the day,
thinke

thinke of the Evening: The *earnest-Penny* will recompence your paines: Continue to the end, and your reward shall bee endlesse.

Bee not too curious in inquiring what you are to receive after this life; but so labour that you may receive your reward of glory after this life. Many, by too curious an itching after what they were to receive, have deceived themselves, by loving their reward more than God.

Let nothing on earth take your hearts; Let the Divine Love onely possesse them, so shall you finde quietnesse in them.

That heart cannot want, that possesseth God. Hee will bee a *Light* to direct it, that-

that it stray nor : A *Comfort* to refresh it, that it faile not. For all earthly helpes, they must either leave us, or wee them. Wherein it faileth often-times forth, that we are most afflicted even in those, wherein we expected most comfort.

It is one thing to live on Earth, another thing to love Earth. To bee in the world, and of the world, are different conditions. *Tabernacles* are not to bee accompted *Habitations*. While wee are sojourning, wee must bee journeying towards *Canaan*: Nor may wee rest, till wee get home.

O my tender Ones (for never were Children more dear to a Mother) make every day of your life a promising

sing passage to your native
Countrey.

As every day brings you
nearer to your grave; may e-
very day increase in you the
riches of his grace.

Let the joyes of Heaven
and torments of Hell bee fa-
miliar with you; by medita-
ting of the felicity of the
one, and infelicity of the o-
ther: these to deterre, those
to allure.

Bee not too much taken
with Fashion; it is the disease
of this age: Comelineſſe is
the most taking Dreſſe to a
discreet eye; whatſoever is
else, *borders* on sinne, and
becomes reputations ſtaine.

I am not now very old,
when I leave you, yet did
never that ſpreading vanity
of the Time much ſurprize
mee.

For

For my part, I did ever rather affect not to be known at all, then to be knowne for singular. It is a poore accomplishment that takes her essence from what wee weare. The Rinde makes not the Tree precious, but the fruit.

My desire is, that you would bee circumspect in your discourse. Though no *Society* can subsist without *Speech*, yet were it very necessary to bee cautious of the *Society* to whom wee direct our *Speech*. Few or none have ever beene hurt by Silence; but many, too many by too prodigall *Speech*, have engag'd their freedome to the power of their foes.

Let your whole *life* bee a

Line

Line of direction to your selves; and of instruction to others.

Bee more ready to *heare* than to *teach*: and above all things, let your Fame bee a living Doctrine to your Family.

Bee diligent in the *Vocation* you are call'd unto: And bee ever doing some good worke: that the Devill may never finde you unemployed: For our *Security* is his *Opportunity*; to prevent then his Sleights, give no way to Sloth.

When you come into any *Holy place*, call Him to minde, to whom it is dedicated. Hold your selves then as retyred from the world: and lift up your hearts to Him, who is your Hope and Helpe,

Helpe, both heere and in a better world.

Esteeme of all men well;
and of your selves the worst.

Suffer with others, when
you shall heare them defa-
med: and preserve their
report as well as you may.
For it is not sufficient to bee
tender of our owne, and im-
peach others: but to tender
others as our owne.

Stand alwayes in an hum-
ble and religious feare.

Bee not ashamed to con-
fesse, what you were not
ashamed to commit.

If at any time, through frail-
ty, you faile; with teares of
unfeigned Contrition re-
deeme your fall.

Walke with an undefiled
Conscience, knowing that
you are in his presence,
whose

whose eyes are so pure, as they cannot abide iniquity; and whose judgement so cleare, as it will search out hypocrisy.

Keepe your Bodies undefiled; Temples should bee pure and unpolluted.

If your desire bee to honour your Maker; you must make your heart his harbour.

Every Countrey hath one chiefe City, and that situate in the Heart of the Land; & becomes the Kings Seat. Your Heart shall bee the City of the King of Kings, so you guard the gates of your *Little City*, that no sinfull Intruder enter nor surprize them; no corrupt affection win in upon them.

Now the better to secure
your

your State; let your Eyes, your City-Centinels, bee so directed, that they become not distracted: by wandring abroad, they beget disorder at home.

All neighbourly Offices I commend unto you; they gaine love, which is the oile of our life. But too much familiarity I doe not admit; *Charity* is expedient to all, *Familiarity* to few.

Let not the Sun shine upon you, before you have commended your selves to that *Sunne of Righteousnesse*, to direct you in all your wayes, and enrich you with all goodworkes.

To conclude, (for I feele my failing Faculties drawing neare their conclusion) Let your youth bee so seasoned

soned with all goodnesse,
that in your riper age, you
may retaine an habite of that
which your youth practised.

Well-spent Minutes are
precious treasures; whose
reviving memory will re-
fresh your fainting Soules
in their sharpest gusts of
misery.

To speake of *Marriage* to
you, I will not; for your
Childhood cannot yet con-
ceive it: May your Choice
bee with discretion, and
without Change: so shall
succeeding comfort second
your Choice.

Preferre your *Fame* before
all *Fortunes*: it is that sweet
odour which will perfume
you living, and embalme
you dying.

I finde my selfe now brea-
thing



thing homeward: the eye
of my body is fixt on you;
the eye of my Soule on hea-
ven: Thinke on mee as
your naturall Mother; and of
earth as your common Mo-
ther. Thither am I going,
where you must follow. Va-
lue Earth as it is; that when
you shall passe from Earth,
you may enjoy what Earth
cannot afford you; to which
happineffe your *dying Mother*
commends you.

F I N I S.



THE
B V R I A L L O F
THE OLD-MAN.

DEad, *old-man!* and
thou shalt want,
no Obsequies
fitting thy *Buriall*.
Thou tasted long of *earth*,
and now thou art return'd
to that whereof thou tasted.
In thee every *sense* was an
earthly concupiscence. Dren-
ched were thy *affections* in
the stinking puddle of *world-
ly vanities*. Earth was thy Ob-
ject; heere were thy various
desires fixed; thy delights
solely confined. O the mi-
sery

fery of an aged sinner | what
small remorse is begot by
continuance in sinne? The
nearer to his Grave, the coo-
ler in the faculties of Grace.
Hee promiseth to himselfe a
long life, and deludes his in-
veagled Soule with the de-
ceiving hopes of a *permanent*
City in a *Pilgrimage*. None so
old, but hee hopes hee may
live one yeare longer ;
yet the longer hee lives, the
farther in distance from his
Saviour. And whence all
this? From thee, from thee
Security, the devils *opportuni-
ty*: being never more in dan-
ger, than when most secure.
The *Oyster* (when the
Oyster doth open her selfe)
casteth a stone into her
Shell, and being so disabled
to shut her selfe, becomes a
prey

prey unto the Crabbe. The Fathers apply this unto the Devill; when hee findeth men gaping and idle, hee casteth into them some stone of temptation, whereby hee workes their overthrow. The slothfull man is the Devils Shoppe; there hee workes, ever busie when men are lazie.

These *Margites*-like, of whom it is said, that hee never plowed, nor digged, nor did any thing all his life long that might tend to any goodnesse, are wholly unprofitable unto the world. They leave a slime behinde them with the Snail; but leave no action meriting fame.

These were thy Emblemes,
Old man, whilst thou lived
heere,

heere; Many were thy
 yeares; passing few thine
 houres. So as, those Motto's
 sometimes applyed to a
 fruitlesse Character of age,
 might seeme properly to al-
 lude to thy Condition: *Quo
 diutius in senectute, in saniviv. Vix-
 it, ut perijt; moriens cum vixit.*
 Reflect a little upon those
 yeares thou hast passed over;
 those many accomptable
 houres which with such un-
 happy security thou hast
 boasted over. Since *Adams*
 fall, thou hast taken thy full
 of sinne. Nothing could
 thine eyes desire, but thou
 labour'd to satisfie them in.
 And whereas, thine Age
 should have beene a line to
 others actions; the manage-
 ment of thy passions; a mir-
 rour unto others how to
 O 2 compose

compose their affections :
 Nothing tasted more of
 lightnesse in youth, then thy
 empty & frivolous discursive
 age. Apt hast thou beene to
 deprave what was good; and
 to improve what was in-
 comparably naught.

The Acquaintance of a
 friend inveagles us, if evill;
 but improves us being good.
 Vnhappy sonnes to follow
 the steps of such a Father!

A Physicians Receipt
 (said one) is a *Delphian sword*,
 this cuts, that kills both
 wayes. Such was thine un-
 happy society. None ever
 conversed with thee, who
 suck't not some mortall in-
 fection from thee.

The reverend age promi-
 sed to the poore deluded In-
 fantry of this world better
 instructions:

instructiōs: they saw in thee
a grave presence, an awefull
Count'nance, a majestick
command: None more like
an Elder, before thou spake:
none more unlike thy selfe
when thou spake.

*Nihil sene Elementario turpi-
us*, said wise *Seneca*. *Nihil dia-
lectico sene deformius*, said wit-
ty *Petrarch*. Thou couldest
dispute dialectically; argue
sophistically; discourse Rhe-
torically: but this made thy
Practick part worse. None e-
ver loved more to reason,
and leaned lesse to reason, or
lived more against reason.

With helpe of thy foure
eyes, *Medea*-like, thou
couldst see the best; but the
eye of thy judgement be-
came so darkened, as thou
ever chus'd the worst.

Like some ancient Record, thou couldst testify to the world what thou hadst seene: what revolutions of ages thou hadst past; what changes of Princes; translations of Empires; and alterations in all States thou hadst seene. But what did all these Annals of Antiquity; Presidents to succeeding memory, upon reflexion to thy selfe, any way benefit thee? Thou hadst observ'd many irregular & indisposed States reduced to Order: meane time, thine owne little Common-weale stood still distracted, and became no better. *Qui alienum agrum arat, familiarem deserit*, said the Comickall Poet: Quick-sighted hast thou beene and piercing in the
the

the Scrutiny of others errors: carrying thine owne Maile ever behind thee, that thou mightst lesse see what evinc'd thee of impurity.

Nothing (said that heavenly Morall) is a more unbecoming object, then to see one old in yeares, who retaines no other argument of his age, but his yeares. Nor indeed, is age to bee measured by *yeares*, but *houres*. Many may be *young* in *yeares*, who are *old* in *houres*: many *young* in *houres*, who are *old* in *yeares*.

Hadst thou duely considered this, poore *Old-man*, with what honour might these thy gray haire have return'd to their Grave? What sweet Odours had the perfume of thy vertues
O 4 breathed

breathed from thy Grave? What a precious memory hadst thou left behinde thee? What a reverend emulation to them that should succeed thee? For what availes it thee now to enjoy the transitive honours of this life? To have suffered in delights, and contracted a lasting league with thy pleasures? These added but new weights to thy old corruptions: and presse thee farre lower than if thou hadst beene a stranger unto pleasure. Many Friends and eminent Favourites (I know right well) thou hadst, whilest thou hadst thy being in the world: but what comfort dost thou now receive from their assistance? what succour by their supportance?

portance? Nay, *Old man*, I must tell thee, they are now made rather to afflict then solace thee; more to distract, than comfort thee. Now thou remembers those sensuall bankets, those time-beguiling, but soule-defiling pleasures, you mutually enjoyed. Now those lusciously-delighted *senses* are presented to thee: and thou feelest in them what thou never so much as dreamed to receive from them: being in these chastised, where thou wer't most cheered: in these tormented, where thou wer't most delighted.

O how true dost thou now find (*miserable Old man*) that saying! A merry Evening makes a heavy Morning: and a glad going forth, a sad
O; returning

returning. In this Evening of thine Age, how youthfull were thy desires; how spritelly thy fancy, though accompanied by a decrepit faculty? Now those sweet Aires are become dilled with sad Accents. Wormelins now must be thy dearest darlings.

The vast Grave, the Receptacle of that poore Remainder of frailty. An unexpected change, I must confesse, but there's no remedy; better it is that *one* perish, than an *unity*.

Now art thou going to thy last home; and well had it beene for many, that thou hadst beene long since there immured: seeing, so many by thy subtile impostures have beene deluded. For mine owne part, I heare none about

boat this *house of sorrow*, but they exclaime against thee. They say, thy pretended Reuerence deceived many; who, when they most relied on thee, suffered most misery.

For the *Rich*, they crie out against thee, and say; Thou it was, who made them preferre their gold before their God, and to put their affiance in their substance.

The *Poore*, they likewise complaine against thee, and crye out in the bitterness and anguish of their soale: This is hee, who willed us to murmur and repine at our poverty; and to beare our selves impatiently towards his divine Majesty.

The *Vaine-glorious*, they vow they had never knowne
what

what pride meant : nor
whereto an over-weening
conceit tended, till such
time as they became by thee
inflamed. Humble were
their thoughts; equally tem-
pered were their desires.
The applause of vulgar
breath could not take them :
Nor the oily Smoothing of
a Sycophants tongue taint
them.

The *Voluptuous*, who have
so long im bath'd themselves
in the gliding floods of va-
ding pleasures; these contest
against thee; and protest by
the Sprigge of their feather
(the light Embleme of a
lighter Mistresse favour) that
thou first taught their eyes
to wander, deluding their
understandings with sha-
dowes of deceiving plea-
sure. The

The fiery furious spirit, who makes blood his goale, and revenge his glory, takes a deepe oath, and seconds it with as deepe an health; that hadst thou never suggested to his thoughts that tender darling of his, which hee prizeth at so high a rate, *Reputation*, his fury had slept, and an aged rust seized his blade.

Nay, all Mankinde with one voyce and vote, have proclaimed this by their Common Cryer; Behold, Hee, who for so many yeares hath lived amongst us; sit at our Table with us; taken meat from our hand; slept in our bosome; conversed with us when hee pleased; and by an hereditary right or priviledge, was to us
in-

*A quæ parij
paul, &
patri.*

engaged. Even Hee, who from his youth up hath been delicately nursed, tenderly cockered by us, because we have spared, and not scourged, hee is become contumacious unto us. Hee ha's lifted his heele above our head; into bondage ha's hee brought us, and cruelly (such was his ungratefull quality) hath hee domineered over us.

Thus long hath hee lived, of those now loathed, of whom hee was sometimes beloved. Expect then (*Old man*) that never more dry eyes followed so aged a Corpse. For what should we do in the solemnizing of these Funeralls, but punctually imitate the Thracians, who used to

mourne

mourne at their Births, but
 rejoyce at their *Burials*? For
 howsoever, *young men*, out
 of an unbounded liberty,
 and distempered passion cry
 out: *O that thou hadst never*
died! *Old men*, whose aged
 experience and maturer
 judgement, have delivered
 unto them more usefull
 Lectures, breath out: *O that*
thou hadst never bene borne!
 These knew well, Every
 sinne to bee more incurable
 in age than youth. High
 time was it then, thy life
 should bee clozed, when
 thy wound could not bee
 cured.

Holgot. sup.
li. Sap.

But now (*Old man*) thou
 art shrowded; and with all
 speed to bee interred. For
 thy full body will not keepe
 long

long above ground: nor doe any one hold it worth the cost of embalming. Thy Neighbours, Consorts, and Allyes are wayting below to accompany thee to thy Grave; holding it fit to bury thee with all decency, according to thy ranke, being of that ancient race, as none of all this great company, but derive their Linage from thy Family, or in some measure partake not of thee. These then, willing to performe this last duty, and in-hearse thy Corps with all solemnity: have appointed by the expresse direction of that *Principall Herald*, of Mortality, that for supply of other Funerall Assistants, thy *Pleasures* become thy *Mourners*; thy *Passions*, thy *Followers*;

Followers; thy Affections, thy
Bearers; thy Infirmities, those
Poore men to carry thy Scut-
chions; thy Sexton, inhuman-
ity; thine Antheme, an en-
forced *Lachryma*: And for
thine Epitaph, no other will
wee bestow on thee, then
what that sententious Mo-
rallist so long since prepared
for thee: *HIS VIR DIV*
FUIT; where *being* and *li-*
ving become words of diffe-
rent extension.

Sen.

On then, yee seeming
Mourners. Let us bury him,
lest wee bee buried in him.
Let us not play the Hypo-
crites, in shedding one teare
for his losse, whose debauch't
Condition never deserved
our love. Hee sometimes
laughed when wee were in-
nared; and shall wee now
weepe

weepe to see him interred?
No, hee is gone, and his losse
is our gaine. Let us hence-
forth passe by him, as if wee
did not know him: for our
too long knowledge and fa-
miliarity, made us forgetfull
of our mortality.

Not one *groane* shall pierce
his *Grave*; nor one *sigh* his
Shrine. Had hee beene soo-
ner laid in Earth; our affecti-
ons had been nearer Heaven.
His farewell on Earth, will
make us fare wel after Earth.

of

Of loose Love.

THe poysonous infection of inordinate desire streames into an exorbitant course, it cannot confine it selfe to the limit of a discreet love, but abuseth the freedome of it selfe, by inclining to a licentious and uncontrouled liberty.

It pretends sometimes a charitable respect to the indigent; not to cover with the vaile of piety her naked feature, but with the shrowd of dishonesty to corrupt nature.

It will disguise it selfe in many colours; nothing can make

make it more unlike it selfe,
than to paint it like it selfe.

Every Countrey is to her
native; yet in no Countrey
good, because in her selfe so
miserably naught. She stalks
in the street with a seeming-
untainted State; but her
posture discovers her hu-
mour: while her *Eyes*, which
shou'd bee her *Gentinals* to
guard her, become her *Pio-
ners* to betray her. A light
Amorist is a double Symo-
nist, and lives by a twofold
loane, *Body* and *Purse*; but
looseth one thing better
than them both, for ever,
and all this for a slight
exposed pleasure.

I have many times seene
men supposed wise to walke
in this track; and such as sha-
dowed their light thoughts
with

with grave shewes; or ryde
the tongue of Fame by their
place, power or person: but
what became of them? the
more the age wherein they
liv'd, dispenc'd with their
crimes, the more numerous
and odious they were; when
they came to the Tesh. Yea, I
have heard some of these cō-
fesse with poenitentiall tears,
that they had bestow'd
more cost, more coyne in
private parliance with *Loose
Love*, then in all other expen-
ces of their whole life. It in-
teresseth it selfe in every
age; *youth* courts it; *man-age*
gravely suites it; *Old-age*,
though impotent, with im-
pudent wrinkles doats on it.

It is rare to observe, what
excellent Resolves some
persons have had; and with
what

what vowed constancy they have promised to themselves a continued moderation or attemperature of their desires: yet what a strange alteration in the Cloze: *Quam splendida proposita uno momento sunt nubi!*

Nor bee these fomenters of inordinacy onely found in places of lightnesse, where Sinne enters in by the *Windows*: but even in places of devotion, where no *filitly Bird* should take her roost: nor no *uncleane Beast* bee admitted to rest. Heere the Tempter labours most to distemper our recollected thoughts. *In sanctissimis locis; sceleratissima tentationes surgunt & seruiunt: in earum antydotum, sanctissima cogitationes*

liones mentem occupent. In holiest places, pollutedst thoughts: which to prevent, let holy thoughts bee reserved for holy places. It is a miserable traffick to loose eternity for a moments pleasure; hope of future glory for fickle fancy, or a wanton Mistresse favour. Joseph was wiser; hee chused rather to loose his Coate and Credit in the Court, than his acceptance in the Courts of heaven. What a folly then is it, to admire, nay adore, painted earth? Poore mouldred ashes! where vanity takes up all by whole sale. Within a few; a very few yeares, nay, atomes of yeares, minutes, how are those Lillies faded? those Roses perished? where then that beauty which once flourished?

flourished? What wisdom
were it then to avert the
eyes of frailty from a fading
beauty, and to fixe them
on those glorious rayes of e-
ternity? Flowers shall wee
finde more redolent, and
much more permanent
in the *inclosed Garden*.
There shall we finde no *light*
love nor deceiving dalliance,
but that *divine fancy*, which
shall highly transport us, and
fully delight us without re-
pentance.

PHILARETVS *his In-*
structions to his Sonne.

DEare Sonne, as
thou art tender
to mee, remem-
ber these Adver-
tisements of thy
carefull father.

Bee zealous in thy service
of God: ever recommen-
ding in the prime houre of
the day, all thy ensuing acti-
ons to his gracious pro-
tection.

Bee constant in thy Re-
solves, ever grounded on a
religious feare, that they
may bee seconded by Gods
favour.

Bee serious in thy Stu-
dies:

dies; and with all humility
crave the assistance of o-
thers, for thy better profici-
ency.

Bee affable to all; familiar
to few.

Bee to such a constant
confort, where thou hast
hope to bee a daily pro-
ficient.

Bee provident and dis-
creetly frugall in thy ex-
pence.

Honour those, to whose
charge thou art intrusted.

And sweet Iesu, with
thy grace enrich him, to
thy glory, thy comfort.

Thy deare Father;

Love's Choice.

Love, whose sole Object's vertue, I doe love;
Loose Love, whose onely period is delight,
Is like a Bassiske unto my sight.
THAT, though below, hath fixt his thoughts above,
THIS, though above, a brutish shape will take,
And leave a man for his Ido's sake.

Suspheare your Love, that your chaste choice may
More beauty in a minde then in a cheeke. (seeke)

Elizabeth Alston
Her Book

Vpon the Errata.



Prereous Reader, it
shall suit well
with thy ingenu-
ous Candor, mo-
destly to correct
with a cleare Censure all such
either literall or materiall Er-
rors, as may obviously occurrs in
thy perusal of these subjects: know-
ing, how many Authors inno-
centest Labours have beene
press'd to death by Errors.



FINIS.

